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THE
ADVENTURES
OF
EMMERA;

OR,

The Fair American.

EXEMPLIFYING

The Peculiar Advantages of SOCIETY
and RETIREMENT.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I

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THE
FAIR AMERICAN.

LETTER I.

Sir PHILIP CHETWIN to Colonel FORRESTER.

H my friend Charles ! What an adventure ! Have I crossed the seas for this ! To discover the richest gem which nature has given to this new world. Paint to yourself every bewitching charm the warmest imagination can conceive of what is loveliness itself. The most consummate beauty---the most heavenly expression---a softness inexpressibly sweet with grace !---Nature ! by heaven in her happiest moment, for once formed divine perfection. Think not I rave, but she is the divinity of these wild regions ! By my soul, she's more than mortal ! and I adore her.---

Really, Charles, I can write no more ---you must expect no account---I am unable to give it---Entranc'd---All emotion !---wild as the winds---Me-thinks she sails through crystal lakes---or walks thro' emerald groves---Now floating on the wings of kissing air, through dazzling worlds, receiving homage as she moves !

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moves! The queen of beauty's empire stept for a moment from her distant throne to play the tyrant in this nether world! To fill our souls with hapless love, and by the magic of her enchanting eye change us to gazing maniacs, wildly wandering---sighing---loving---no---not despairing.---There---there, Charles---a dash through the whole, you need not read it.---Now don't quote the *una littura potest*,---But no more---let my fancy but for one moment gaze at that sweet image of more than human tenderness, and, alas, I am again undone---my brain will turn the next.

Your hapless friend,

P. CHETWIN.



LET-

LETTER II.

Miss CHETWIN to Miss HERVEY.

I FIND, my dear Kitty, that you are surprized I do not more lament my banishment, as you call it, to this country of trees and beasts. Lamenting would be of but little consequence; here I am---and here for some time I must remain; and I assure you I don't find it so horrible as you think it, nor as I expected it. My father is exceedingly tender and obliging to me, and my brother, when he is with us, omits nothing to entertain me. I read and write, and walk, and angle (better fishing than ever you saw in England) and spend much of my time at my harpsichord; I was a little unhappy 'till my father procured me one from Philadelphia: In short, my situation is not at all wretched, and we will entirely reconcile me to the want of company. As to the Jones's, they are very good sort of people, but neither the sons nor daughters have any thing in them to render their conversation the least agreeable. The father is a worthy-hearted creature, very obliging, is generally chearful, and in his way not unentertaining. He has taken a most extensive plantation, and is at a vast expence in getting it in order; a work not yet finished. I believe he employs sixty hands. The house is a large one: our apartment very convenient: my father pays so good a price, that he was accommodated to the utmost of their power: the great business they carry on here renders the place lively ---I always thought a large farm-house in England the most chearful habitation in the world. My father rides about continually. He has not yet taken any journey except a slight one to the banks of lake Ontario; which threw him quite into raptures.---He says it is the finest country he ever beheld, and longs to be better acquainted with it---but as a journey in this part of the world; is not performed in a short time, he does not design undertaking one

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before I am perfectly satisfied with my situation at Mr. Jones's. I am naturally fearful, but believe there is here no reason to be uneasy, for the people seem to be very civil and obliging; and I am to have John, Richard and Ann, besides my own maid left with me whenever my father goes. I don't doubt but you think me very strange and insipid; but, my dear, you know how passionately fond I am of musick, and many are the hours I amuse myself at my harpsichord.

As to Mr. Hay, I have received two letters from him since we arrived—he rants away like a sad forsaken lover to be sure, but the man must have patience; I have not wrote to him yet.

Something I fear has happened to my brother; he has been absent from us on a little tour, three weeks longer than we expected.

Well, Kitty, I must conclude this most tedious of all tiresome epistles, and assure you that I am, &c.

HARRIET CHETWIN.



L E T.

LETTER III.

To Mr. BOYDE.

INDEED, my friend, you must allow me yet to assert the justness of those principles on which I found my present conduct,—Your reasoning is certainly specious, but far from being conclusive; and there is a slight strain of compliment intermixed with your arguments, which, however generally agreeable, has little weight with me. It is the earnest wish of my soul, that I may conduct myself through life with that steady and determined perseverance in the path of unprejudiced reason, which can alone render a man superior to the sopperies of opinion and fashion. This necessary resolution is the most philosophic guide on which the human mind can depend.

You think it strange that I should forsake my native country, the peculiar residence of every charm that can entice mankind, to prefer one region to another; to take up my abode among savages in the boundless woods of America; but I flatter myself that had you seen as much of the polished European world as I have, you would think there was nothing so extraordinary in the resolution: I resided some time in several parts of Europe, and formed an extensive acquaintance with men whose names would flatter the vanity of some travellers to repeat: In a word, I rendered myself as compleat a master of European manners as I was able; and it was the reflections I drew from that knowledge which induced me to seek for more natural ideas and purer practice in a country just on the verge of cultivation—for I laid it down as a maxim, that a country must abound in the necessaries of life before the superfluities could deluge it with luxury and vice.

You did me injustice to suppose I should make such impudent haste to purchase: I have too much experience to rush at once into the completion of a scheme with a juvenile eagerness, before every consequence

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quence was weighed, and actual local knowledge had removed every objection.

Your uneasiness about my daughter is groundless: she is of a disposition formed by nature for being happy in every situation: the little penetration I am master of, must have been poorly employed if I had not been able so to manage such a docile mind, as to render it equally happy in an American wood or a London assembly. At this you will smile, but I am mistaken if I do not form a little society amidst these romantic scenes, where nature reigns in her majestic wildness, more consonant to true reason, happiness and virtue, than can ever be met with amidst the pompous glare and polished elegance of your vicious climes.---But I have ever dropped the paternal authority as much as possible in the tenderness of the friend, and if my daughter disappoints my expectation, she knows a word is sufficient.---My son has a relish for travelling, which renders his abode in America hitherto agreeable: was it founded less in a love of novelty, I own I should be better pleased; but I have little reason to complain; and his fortune is amply sufficient to settle him wherever his inclination leads.

Never can I allow the vain sophistry of modern times to influence my judgment so vilely as to render it more agreeable to reside in the midst of the most frightful vices, the most consuming debauchery, the most disgusting immorality---merely because this horrible detail is tinsel'd over with the varnish of riches, arts, elegance and dissipation---rather than pass through life amidst simplicity and innocence, labour, health and cheerfulness---Reflect one moment on the contamination of European refinements---What a contrast!

In answer to your ideas of this country, suffice it to say, they are as wide from truth as the poles are asunder! Your's.

P. CHETWIN.

L E T.

LETTER IV.

Miss HERVEY to Miss CHETWYN.

INDEED, my dear friend, you are so intolerably insipid, that I have scarce any patience with you.— You are as easy, as unconcerned, as contented and as happy, surrounded with clowns and savages, as if in the full meridian of splendor, shining at a ball. I can write nothing but reproaches:—your conduct is so insufferable, that I think 'tis pity you should ever see any thing but woods and streams. You talk to me of angling! What! cool my heels by the side of some purling brook, watching with endless attention a floating cork! Oh! this is charming amusement! so rural! so innocent! and so entertaining! Ha! ha! ha! Had but my father made me such a proposal, and with such good nature as yours did, should not I have been stark mad to have left London for the savage wilds of America? Horrible! But detestible as your situation is, don't fail writing as often as the mail will allow you; for, be you in whatever country, rest assured nothing that concerns you can be indifferent to me.

This plaguy fellow Edgerton, still pesters me with his troublesome nonsense, though he must know how much I hate him: It would be quite insufferable if the man was not a good figure; but he dresses well and understands the fashion; and there is some credit in allowing him to dangle a little: but I must think your brother's friend, the Colonel, twenty times over a finer gentleman: what hurts me most is my father's fondness for Edgerton; he has a wonderful opinion of him, and I see plainly wou'd like to have me think as well of him as he does—but never can that be. But I abhor the idea of being a slave to those imperious men; and he that does clap a chain on me, must be something a little out of the common road.

Tuesday Night. Edgerton here as usual; he was so impertinent as to insist on attending me to the assembly;

assembly; and my father so absurd as to promote it, he expected dancing with me, but I refused him, and afterwards danced with Colonel Forrester; if any thing wou'd show him how little agreeable he was to me, I think it wou'd be such treatment; but the fellow has so much bronze, that nothing can daunt him: he was full of gallantry to me all the evening, and while I was sitting in one corner of the room with Miss Richardson and Forrester, he was jaunting away, and fell on one knee, and seizing my hand kissed it hastily; with the other I gave him an admirable box on the ear, which quite struck him aside, and totally discomposed his powdered hair. He called me a vile fury, and swore he'd be revenged. The Colonel laugh'd, and Miss Richardson was quite frightened. My gentleman, however, seem'd to have forgot his anger before the evening was over, and returned to his former flippancy. He had the assurance to offer me his chariot, because our coach was not at the door the moment we came down. I have a worse opinion of him every time I meet him: and it is heightened by the difference there is between him and Colonel Forrester, a contrast greatly to his disadvantage. I own I am often surpris'd you shou'd have treated so coldly a man so much the gentleman.

Thursday. This morning about eleven o'clock a lady knocked at our door, and desired to speak with me; she was showed up to my dressing room. She had the appearance of a very agreeable woman; but I never saw her before. After the common civilities—If it is not impertinent, madam, may I presume to ask if one Mr. Edgerton does not at present pay his addresses to you?

Pay his addresses to me, Madam! replied I: I shou'd think him exceeding impertinent if he did.

I wou'd not be thought unpolite on any account, but he surely is rather particular?—A *Tendresse* or so—

Really, Madam, you must allow me to think *your* questions rather *particular*; but it is a subject I can set in a clear light in two words.

Yo

You are very obliging.

Know then, Madam, Mr. Edgerton has of late been what you call particular to me ; what I call exceedingly free---infinitely troublesome to me---and lastly, I hate the sight of him.

You satisfy me sufficiently, Madam.

May I now request, Madam, the motive of your making these inquiries?

Mr. Edgerton has used me exceeding ill, which, I apprehend, you will readily believe when I tell you, I am his wife.

His wife!

Even so; I have some particular reasons which made me desirous of knowing the truth of the reports I heard of his connection with you, Madam, and you have been extremely kind in so freely telling it. Cou'd you favour me with an interview with him, a little sudden---a la brusquement, or so?---

With all my heart, Madam; and I think, if any thing will be able to confound his assurance, it will be your presence here.

We were settling the time most likely for the encounter, when my father entered the room to tell me that Colonel Forrester and Mr. Edgerton drank tea with us in the afternoon.

I then agreed with the unknown lady, that she shou'd be with me by five o' clock.--- She was punctual to her time. I contrived it so that my father shou'd be engaged with the Colonel in the dining-room, and I knew well enough the other would soon be with me; for his impudence is proof against every thing. Mrs. Edgerton and myself then dressed ourselves nearly alike; and to assist the similitude, each put on a hat and shade, and wrapped up our faces as if for the tooth-ach. I shou'd observe to you, that her height and size are exactly mine. I then ordered my maid to come into the room about a quarter of an hour after Mr. Edgerton, and tell him a person wanted to speak with him; and when he had got half way down to pretend a mistake, and send him up again: Mrs. Edgerton remaining concealed in my closet.

In comes my gentleman as expected, but unluckily the Colonel with him: I was quite angry at seeing the plot so near being spoiled; but rejoiced to see my father enter a few minutes after, and take the Colonel into his study to shew him a new edition of something. Edgerton directly made up to me, and spouted forth abundance of compliments on my disorder in my face: I conversed freely with him, disguising my voice a little, as if by holding my lips shut, and in a strain more familiar than usual. My spark did not let the alteration escape him, and I suppose thought it best to catch my caprice as it flew; he was particularly tender, full of compliments, sighed, and was proceeding when the maid entered — “Sir—here’s a person wou’d speak a moment with you.” — Out he goes, — Into the closet whisks I, and whips Mrs. Edgerton into my chair, showing her the leaning posture he left me in; and giving her the pitch of my voice, which she imitated in a moment, stepped behind the screen for the better walking forth to his confusion.

He returns in a minute: takes his seat again—and in the tender strain—“But as I was saying, my dear Miss Hervey, you must never relapse again into an indifference to so profound an esteem as I have for you.”

May I believe you? — *replied she, the voice to admiration.*

By heavens! you may — *taking her hand respectfully.*

I can scarce believe it.

You may indeed — *my angel! (kissing her hand.)*

Do you indeed love me?

From the bottom of my soul I do.

But I once heard, Mr. Edgerton, that you had a wife — Is that true?

A wife! my charmer! ridiculous. Never was there a woman that cou’d make the least impression on my heart but you, ’tis you are reserv’d to make me happy, supremely blest —

You never had a wife then?

Never.

Never.——[*She starting up—throwing off her disguise in a moment—her eyes all fury, and her attitude that of passion itself—and I, bursting from the screen,*——So, Sir! So! Never married! No wife! Vile detested liar!——

Me.[You love me from the bottom of your soul!

She.] Wretch! Base deceiver! A wife! Ridiculous.——[*He the very picture of guilty confusion—his impudence overset; staring at us by turns.*——

Me.] My angel!——I am reserved to make you happy!

She.] Thou mean, base, pitiful fellow! despicably ridiculous!

A plague confound you both——*replied he*, and ran out of the room——and out of the house in two minutes.

My father, with the colonel, hearing a little bustle, came hastily into the room, and with some surprize enquired if any thing was the matter: I told him the whole tale, not forgetting the palpable guilt and confusion of Mr. Edgerton. He was struck with astonishment; questioned the lady slightly on some circumstances of the affair, and found no reason to doubt of her husband being a worthless man. Colonel Forrester did not seem to relish the humour of the affair; and I thought looked askint at the wife. My father politely enough requested her company at tea, and made a tender of his services, if they could have any good effect between her and Mr. Edgerton. She thanked him with several expressions of obligation, but waved having any thing to do with a man that had so notoriously forfeited his honour—and hinted that the chief motive of her taking the liberty she had done with me, was to prevent my being deceived by a man so extremely false as Mr. Edgerton.

After tea, whilst my father and Colonel Forrester were deep in politicks, I had a good deal of chat with her. She is really a most agreeable woman——lively, sensible and entertaining. I requested the favour of her further acquaintance; and believe we shall be very

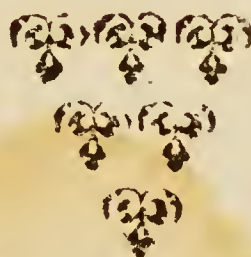
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good friends. This you may think imprudent, without knowing more of her—but you know, child, when I think a woman agreeable and witty, I always cultivate her acquaintance without making *too* minute enquiries. Adieu.

You will be troubled again soon from

Yours, &c.

C. HERVEY.



L. E. F.

LETTER V.

To Colonel FORRESTER.

I HAVE no sort of doubt but you thought me on the very verge of lunacy, when I wrote my last letter — but no such matter truly: all sober truth and living reality. I believe I was before a little incoherent, and did not express myself in such a manner, as was necessary for your understanding me — and now, on the contrary, I shall tire you with minuteness.

Since I arrived in America, I have been perpetually entertained on all sides with accounts of the romantic beauty of the back country on the great lakes and rivers; and as I in all probability shou'd never again have an opportunity of viewing them. I determined before I shou'd leave the country to take a tour, if I found it practicable, thro' the finest part of it. I wrote you before of my father's situation and schemes, and you may judge from them that he wou'd not have disliked accompanying me; but leaving my sister at the lodgings wou'd by no means do; therefore he contented himself with taking small tours, frequently returning to see that she was in an agreeable and proper situation. As I was a great stranger to the country, and the precautions to be observed in travelling thro' it, I determined to attend my father in one or two of his journeys (marches I shou'd say) and then take rather a longer one by myself, before I attempted the grand tour of North America. This latter part of my plan I have just executed, and in it met with the adventure which threw me into a delirium perceptible enough in my last to you.

I found the journey inconceivably difficult: my first object was the country which lies on the banks of lake Erie; and as I was determined to view as many of the picturesque beauties of the scene as possible; the wildness of the country was a great impediment to travelling through it: It wou'd have been impossible to penetrate

netrate it, had I not secured two Indians for guides, who were of infinite service to me. The face of the country is beyond any thing I ever beheld. As I was breaking from one landkip to another, in a part of it particularly thick and impenetrable, and where my Indians had never been before; we stumbled as it were on a spot, which may give you some idea of the country in general.

We were very near turning aside from the track before us on account of a thicket of briars, brambles, and almost impenetrable thorns; when our Indians discovered an ascent up a pretty steep and rugged hill, which they apprehended I might be able to scale, and effected it with no little difficulty. The hill was covered with a thick wood, which we traversed for some time, and then began to descend, still enveloped in it. — We soon entered a small valley sunk in the side of the hill, which feasted our eyes with a landkip truly American. From one side of it, we looked thro' an irregular arch of prodigious oak and walnut-trees, on the lake, a fine and smooth expanse of water stretching away on each side to a great distance, but broke in front by a woody island. On the other side, and at a distance in our front view, ran a circular ridge of hills (mountains you wou'd call them in England) completely covered with vast forest trees from the edge of the fine valley below us, to their very summits, and forming the most romantic amphitheatre of wood imagination can paint. Surrounded on one side by this noble mound, appeared beneath us a valley (if I may so call it) of gently-swelling hills, slopes and lawns, dales, streams and cascades, scattered with all the enchanting negligence of the most picturesque fancy. The moment I threw my eye over this delicious spot, all my faculties were for a moment suspended, I cou'd scarce draw my breath for gazing with such statue-like attention at the amazing beauties of this little spot. A small white house, different from those raised by the Indians, caught my eye, at the distance of about a mile: it had the appearance of a neat farm house in England.

England. I resolved to descend into this valley of delight, and approach an habitation which seemed dropt from heaven.

As we moved gently along, a thousand fresh objects struck our admiring eyes, the slight vallies which intersected the most verdant swelling lawns I ever beheld, were all watered by little gurgling brooks—— sometimes breaking into slight streams, and then again contracting their green banks to a meer trickling rill. Here was a broken cascade tumbling down a hill almost over-shadowed with pendent wood, the falling stream scarce to be seen but in breaking glades thro' a thicket of trees. There, a fine rising slope spotted with a variety of beautiful unknown trees, the lake glittering thro' them; with herds of deer and beeves grazing on every part of it. As we approached the house, the landscape grew yet more enchanting, the lawns seemed more elegant, the sound of falling waters unseen, were heard——innumerable vines trailed their branches up the trees, their tendrils and ripe clusters of fruit hanging from every part in beautiful festoons——a few inclosures with standing corn gave a variety to the landscape——and the house threw the gilding of chearfulness and society over the whole scene.

Health, content and serenity, thought I, must be the inhabitants of this delicious mansion! imparadised in all that nature can bestow!——I entered the door as I wou'd have done the temple of a Deity——and I found it the residence of misery and disease!

In a small but neat room sat an old man, whose countenance was marked with the furrows of extreme age, leaning against the back of his chair; his neck inclosed in the arm of a young woman of more than human beauty, weeping most mournfully. So pathetick a spectacle struck a horror to my soul, which stopt me from advancing; I made a sign to my attendants to remain without, and stood gazing with admiration at the angel before me, and with a heart-felt sorrow at her melancholy situation. The old man giving a deep groan——said with a faltering voice——“It
B 2 will

will soon be over my child!" — but moving his eyes towards the door, beheld me and started — The daughter (so I of course apprehended her to be) also saw me, and gave a shriek. I advanced a few steps with haste — "Venerable old man," said I, "fear me not; I am your countryman, and touch'd with sorrow at so melancholy a sight. — Can I serve you?"

"From whence came you?" replied he, eyeing me with some attention — "This is surprizing: how came you here?"

"Travelling to see the beauty of the country I climbed a rugged hill, and accident threw me on your abode." — He made an effort to raise himself in his chair, but was near fainting — the daughter all attention to his situation was shocked at his weakness — and eyed me by turns with great amazement.

"Wou'd to heaven young man, I knew you — but that's impossible! (*pausing, and drawing his breath with difficulty*) I have scarce an hour to live — 'Tis not for that I grieve — but alas! — my daughter.

The tears bursting from his eyes — he fell into a swoon, and I thought had expired. She was in agonies at the sight — and with the voice of heaven — "Oh! Sir, assist my father!"

The old man, however, recovered the shock, but shewed by his voice that his end was near. Turning his head towards me.

These hospitable woods have for these many years been my happy refuge from the barbarous attacks of fortune in my native country — my child was then an infant, and till this hour ne'er saw an European — (*after a pause to fetch his breath, proceeding*) Here she has existed innocent and happy — but what a change, if her pure mind, unguarded against the vile practices of the world, shou'd now be open to its snares — This! — this is what torments me. — *It was some time before he could go on.* — I had a scheme — but that's no more. — "Cou'd I depend on your virtue! — But how vain is that idea? — You live in the world — in the very world,"

world, in that detested world that I have forsaken!—
The daughter leaving the room in an agony of sorrow.

Rest your mind at peace, Sir—— I see how fearful you are that your beloved child shou'd ever be exposed to those cruel misfortunes from which no one is exempt who lives like other men. I will say nothing in my own favour; but I will swear by all that's sacred, she shall, in every instance of her life, have all the protection in my power to give her—— I have an honourable, worthy and humane father--and a tender and affectionate sister, that at present reside not a fortnight's journey from this place. She shall in us enjoy a father, a brother, and a sister.——

Ah! Stranger, but my child is beautiful, and you are young! Alas! the world! the world! with all its train of ills!

Believe my word ——rely upon my honour—— I wou'd undergo the cruellest strokes to which humanity is liable, rather than speak to your angelic daughter, whose mind must be purity and innocence itself, in terms unmeet for the most generous soul: nor will I ever prefer a suit unto her affections—— nor ever speak one syllable of love, if you now give me absolute charge unto the contrary.

Heaven direct her destiny!-----The hand of Death's upon me. I have no time for thoughts of such importance. Call in my child! let me once bless her-----ere I die -----

I stepped into the other room, and calling----“ Madam!”---I heard the old man falter out-----“ Call Emmera. She will not understand you.”

The angelic creature ran to her father, the tears flowing down her beautiful cheeks. I followed her; and the venerable dying man, holding out his hand to her-----

Heaven bless you, my child, we must now part.---- Trust in the great God's Providence for your protection: I have hope that he sent this stranger for your security.-----

Oh!

Oh! my father! you must not ——— must not die!
Alas! poor Emmera!

With his last breath he uttered observe me well, my Emmera! unto this stranger I entrust you: ——— while he behaves unto you as he ought, depend upon him for your security: I need not give you any instructions for your conduct — I am not in pain for it, unless you are deceived, and fall into base hands: Do not forget your prayers to heaven, and always remember that God's Providence is your best defence! Adieu, my child! ——— *Then turning to me* — Young man! you know not the treasure of that virtuous maid! for her dying father's sake be unto her (in whatever capacity) a friend and protector to her innocence ——— Heaven blefs you! Heaven blefs you both! ———

With these words the good old man expired without a groan, and seemingly without pain. I was infinitely affected at the natural and pathetic grief of the aimable Emmera. Her sorrow was lively and violent. ——— She considered herself as absolutely undone, and bemoaned her unhappy fate as irremediable and endless. I used all the arguments and persuasions in the world to moderate her sorrow ——— but her idea of what and who I was, was too indefinite for her to listen to me, as might be expected in a young woman so solitary and wretched as herself.

I thought she might like best after so melancholy a catastrophe, to be left some time alone: I therefore requested her leave to take a walk about their little farm, to which she assented with a natural civility; but added, that she had not the heart to attend me, but hoped I wou'd excuse her. She shut herself up in the room with her father's corpse, and I heard her weep most movingly. I ordered my Indians and servant to keep out of her sight till I returned; and at the same time, showed them a small barn with some clean straw, which I pointed out as a more agreeable lodging than many they had lately had.

I made my ramble about two hours long, a space of time I filled with a million of reflections on the unaccountable

countable fate of this innocent orphan, who, had it not been for my accidental arrival, wou'd have been exposed to all the horrors of a dreary solitude, in the midst of wild and unbounded forests. The motive which cou'd induce her father to hazard the leaving her in such a situation, was to me amazing.

On my return, I found her in another room silent and melancholy as death itself; she had spread a cloth on a small table, and set on it some plates of exquisite fruit, a loaf of bread, and a mug of milk which seemed warm from the cow. With a delicacy and an agreeableness in her manner, I never met with in the most refined people, she desired me to eat and drink if I chose it; and asked me if I wou'd not call in my companions?---By which I perceived that she had seen my attendants.---I told her who they were, and informed her that they had provisions with them, but that if she wou'd permit them to lye in her barn I shou'd esteem it as a favour. She replied, she was sorry there were not beds for them, but the house contained only three. I thanked her with genuine gratitude for her kindness, and assured her the barn was highly sufficient: as for myself, I eat a few mouthfuls of bread, and took a draught of milk: I pressed her to eat, but in vain; she cou'd touch nothing. The remainder of the day passed in a melancholy silence---very little conversation---I was unwilling to urge her too soon to quit such mournful ideas. Before sun-set, she excused herself to me, and retired to her chamber, telling me the door on the left hand at the top of the stair-case, which she wou'd set open, contained a bed for me. Soon as it was nearly dark, I went to shut the house-door, but to my astonishment found there was none. I went to bed, but had little sleep that night. Cou'd I describe this enchanting maid, you wou'd not wonder at it---but she is past all description.

Her person is perfectly well made, easy, elegant, and most astonishingly graceful; an happier figure never came from the hand of nature; nor did I ever behold such divine grace so diffused over every limb---so playing in every motion---Her face that of the compleatest beauty,

beauty, with an inexpressible sweetness ——— a softness of countenance quite enchanting. Her eyes! the immediate messengers of heaven! ——— No; 'tis impossible to conceive the mild angelic soul, which beams thro' every look! ——— Away! vile pen; why attempt to describe what wou'd beggar the very pencil of Correggio!

I perceived scarce any abatement of her grief the next day, which made me desirous to get her father buried, and if possible engage her to leave directly a place which wou'd every minute remind her of her loss, and for ever awaken most melancholy reflections in her mind: for I cou'd easily conceive, that a loss of this nature, to her who knew none but her father; in which name was comprehended the little circle of her friendship and acquaintance; must feel the stroke with infinitely greater sensibility than any person in the world cou'd do. I accordingly threw out some hints, as if for enquiry, whether there was any particular spot that her late father had fixed on for the sad purpose of his interment? she immediately told me, that he had frequently desired her to have him buried under a large oak, at a small distance from the house. She shewed me the spot; I asked her for a spade, and myself dug the grave, and interred him in it—reading the burial service over him. The beautiful Emmera joined me with great fervour of devotion, and we together mingled our tears on the sacred spot that contained the only remains of her dear father. I had scarce one word with her during the remainder of the day: the next, I dismissed my Indians and one of my men, keeping only Robert, on whom, in every instance, I cou'd fully depend: I dispatched the other to my sister, with two lines just intimating that she was not to expect me at the time I mentioned for returning, and gave her a slight idea of the adventure I had met with, charging her to say nothing of it to any one——nor suffer a messenger to be sent to me on any account.

Her silent melancholy continued near a week; and had it held a year I shou'd have waited her every look and syllable with the most reverential fondness—for Oh! Charles, I found myself shot to my very vitals. But all

was

was adoration ——— I considered her as an angel of light
 ——— rather than a mere mortal. ——— Addressing her one
 day in the garden,

Surely, Madam, said I, you ought to place some
 bounds to your grief, notwithstanding the greatness of
 your loss. One who has so much reflection as yourself,
 must consider the necessity of bearing the strokes, with
 which heaven thinks proper to inflict us, patiently, and
 with due submission to the hand that sends them.

What you say, Sir, has great reason in it, and is just
 what my poor father has often observed ——— I shall ever
 retain the highest reverence for the ideas which he re-
 commended. ——— But is it possible that I shou'd not grieve
 for his loss! As it is impossible, why assert the necessity
 of not doing it?

I am sensible how impossible that wou'd be. ——— You
 ought to grieve for the loss of so good a father ———
 but your grief shou'd not be excessive. ——— Make me so
 happy, my dearest Madam, as to say that you will abate
 your melancholy, and return to the management of your
 affairs as you did while your father was living. In all
 that is possible, I will supply his place; tell me but what
 he accustomed himself regularly to perform, and I will
 endeavour to do the same.

And do you think you cou'd do the same?

Why not?

Are not you a gentleman? Perhaps a man of fortune?

What then, my Emmira! Why shou'd not I do as
 your father did?

Can you plough, and dig, and reap, and thrash? Can
 you use an ax to fell a lofty tree?

Why not? ——— I will undertake it.

Aye; you betray yourself ——— you wou'd no sooner
 touch the plough, but I shou'd see how poorly you wou'd
 perform the work. Those are occupations you are not
 used to. I took notice while you dug my dear father's
 grave, how little you must have been used to handle a
 spade. 'Tis true, Sir, I never remember being in any
 other spot than the small one surrounding this little
 house; my father brought me here an infant; the mo-
 ment

ment I cou'd walk alone, I followed him into all kinds of work, and as I grew in strength, exerted the little I had in his assistance: but it was not the use of my limbs alone which he suffered me to practise: he took continual care to cultivate my mind: Early he taught me to read and write, and for ever explained to me the few books he thought worth preserving: he gave me such lively descriptions of the gay and busy world, particularly England, that I am not so ignorant, Sir, as you might naturally imagine: I have no faint idea of the manners of the world; and well know how strange and uncouth mine must appear to you ——— I wish not, however, to change them, but enjoy my own simplicity. I hint these things, that you may treat me rather as what I am, than one totally ignorant of all I have not seen.

My fair Emmera! your speech amazes me! What an uncommon man must that valuable father have been, that in these solitary woods cou'd educate such a woman! Who have you known besides that wonderful man?

None.

How came your father then by his house---his furniture---these implements of agriculture, and many other conveniencies you enjoy?

All through his neighbours——whom you call the Indians.

Where do they live?

On the other side of the lake. My father, Sir, was a man full of the most useful knowledge; and when he determined to settle in the wilds of America, he at the same time resolved to have no connections with any Europeans, or their colonists; he brought his house with him to frame and erect on the spot he chose, with numerous implements of the most useful kind. He was infinitely serviceable to the Indians, and he long experienced the difference of Indian and English gratitude: they built this barn and stable, with a few other slight conveniencies——they observed most religiously his injunctions, never to disturb his solitude without a signal, unless on some emergency of their own wherein he cou'd
be

be useful to them; and this has happened but once in my remembrance.

And what might be his signal?

There is a lofty tree at the distance of near half a mile, on which he hoisted a flag; which scarce ever hung a day without some Indian appearing to know his wants: these have been exceeding few, and he has repaid his benefactors ten-fold; but so highly have they valued him, that no European till yourself ever discovered his retreat — such was his desire — and notwithstanding some bloody wars have happened, as we slightly heard, never were we molested.

And did your father alone perform the labour of this farm?

He did, with some assistance from me. Surely you cannot suppose that I was idle while my father worked?

And what in general was your employment?

I did every thing which required no great strength. The dairy I managed entirely; sifted the corn my father thrashed; and see these rows of wheat and pulse, these are of my weeding, sometimes I hoe them: on some occasions I have ploughed, and done more laborious work; but this was seldom.

Is this possible, Emmera! And did you not sink beneath your fatigue?

That's the question of an Englishman, not an Indian. You shou'd seperate your ideas. Fatigue! No: perfect health of body and serenity of mind were my constant companions; 'till that cruel stroke deprived me of a father! Now alas! how different! —

Now, Madam, there is no necessity for it. For what shou'd you labour now? Your excellent father recommended you to my care, and believe me it shall be the business of my life to procure you every satisfaction and comfort this world can give. But surely so solitary a situation cannot now as before be equally agreeable!

Ah, Sir! I understand you well: you mean to move me from this retreat — to carry me into the world — to —

Why are you alarmed, my dearest Emmera? Fear nothing I can do—— for be assured I never will name any scheme to you which your own inclinations shall not induce you to promote.

That is very kind. But surely you will not break your word?

Not for my life. By heaven I swear that nothing shall be the guide of my actions but your commands.

I cannot command: I was never used to it. But I hope you will not take me from hence.

Not 'till you desire it yourself.

That I never shall. I wou'd not venture into the world-- -No----on no account. I cannot so soon forget my dear father's words.

Your own inclinations shall alone guide you.

But can you, Sir, submit to live in this manner? That can never be; you have many connections in the world----nor did my father mean that you shou'd become a Solitary in defence of me.

I wou'd become any thing in defence of you, my Emmery. It wou'd be no submission in me to live with you here, but wou'd give me infinite happiness to live with you any where. Surely you cou'd never think of living here alone!

Certainly, Sir, not by choice; but much rather wou'd I do it, and take the labour of the whole on myself, than go into the world, a prey to all its miseries!

Well, my Emmery, we will not talk now of leaving so beautiful a spot as this is. But you must instruct me in what I am to perform----and my servant---

What can you think of keeping a servant to wait on us ----and plague us with his discontents?----- I have heard my father often say that servants will seldom be content with what satisfies their masters----and that the very nature of service debases the human mind. No, Sir, never think of living in such a retirement as this is, and keep a servant. You have parted with some of them ----and surely you will send the rest away. Pray heaven they may never think of returning, for then by degrees this solitary spot may become as well known as other inhabited

inhabited countries. And what necessity for a servant? Were any thing particular to happen, I cou'd hoist the signal, and there is not an Indian but wou'd venture his life in my defence.

Well, my charming Emmera, it shall be as you desire: I will send away my servant, and we will live together as you and your father did---Is it not time that you shou'd milk the cows? If you wou'd shew me the way, I wou'd go and drive them up.

And do you really mean what you say?

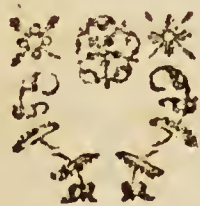
I do indeed.

Then you are very good. I wish I may not be the cause of making you unhappy, but I think you won't--- Wou'd to heaven my father was alive! How pleased wou'd he be with you!---

Come, Emmery, where are the cows?

To be as good as my word, I dispatched Robert to my sister with a letter, desiring her to be perfectly easy about me, and send no one for a fortnight; then to dispatch Robert to the rugged hill at the entrance of this valley, where I have pitched on a spot for him to examine for letters, which he is to take to my sister.---Adieu, Charles, I am in all human probability fixed for a time. Never will I break my word with this divine creature, whose soul is nothing but amiable excellence-----heaven itself!

P. CHETWIN.



L E T.

LETTER VI.

Miss CHETWYN to Miss HERVEY.

I READ your letter my dearest Kitty, with the greatest pleasure imaginable: Dull as I am myself, I can relish your liveliness and wit with infinite satisfaction. You chide me for being so insipid as to be happy----- Rather pity me, and in charity send me plenty of your letters. Poor Edgerton! I am greatly mistaken if you have not given him his cure: He has turned out just what I shou'd suppose an intimate of Colonel Forrester: Excuse me, my dearest, but I a little suspect that you have the beginning of a kind of tendresse for him: There is a something in your letters, joined to what I recollect, that makes me a little uneasy. I am very plain in my sentiments, you know, and never disguise them to my friends: I cannot avoid saying a syllable or two of that specious man. I have no doubt but your opinion of him at present is the merely thinking him an entertaining, sensible, polite gentleman, perfectly well accomplished. Rest there, my dear Kitty---Enquire no further; for I like not the Colonel at bottom, and doubt his principles do him no honour; for heaven's sake be on your guard against him. You see with what freedom I write; and how much I depend on your own impartiality to take in good part, what to many wou'd be thought impertinence. Before I have done with Colonel Forrester, I must lament to you my brother's partiality to him: He has a great opinion of him, and I am fully persuaded, thinks him a very different man from what he really is. I cannot help regretting the confidence he places in a man, who, I fear, is so little deserving it. He scarcely writes to any one else in England; I have sent some of his packets to him to the Post-office, since he has been absent on a strange tour, which gives me great uneasiness.

He is accidentally fallen on the abode of an English lady, I find, with whom he is desperately in love: Her father died since he has been there; what his intentions are,

are, I cannot conceive, but he has sent home his servants with strict orders to have no body sent to him: I can get no intelligence from his people, and cannot conceive what will be the event. This I know, if he has formed a new attachment with this unknown lady, as they call her, he acts very vilely to Miss Greville---but I am quite in suspense about it, till I hear some more circumstances: who the duce she can be, that he has picked up in that wild country, is inconceivable.

I am entirely reconciled to my way of life here: I like the Jones's extremely; they are very humane, well-meaning people. A thousand thanks to you for the music; it will entertain me exceedingly, and comes in very good time, for my father is just gone on a fresh tour, and I am not like to see him again for some time.

Adieu, my dear Kitty; I wait with impatience for your next.

HARRIET CHETWIN.



LETTER VII.

To Mr. CHETWYN.

I AM sorry to find my friend so eloquent in defence of notions, which, I am well persuaded have no real foundation in reason or philosophy. You say it is the earnest wish of your soul to conduct yourself thro' life with steadiness and a determined perseverance in the paths of unprejudiced reason, and render yourself superior to the fopperies of opinion and fashion. A very just sentiment beyond all doubt; but can any one suppose, that to put it in practice, it is necessary to bury one's self in woods and wilds! Nothing more ridiculous! Such a conduct consists in nothing more than flying from those enemies we have not the courage to encounter. How much superior is the life of him who lives in the midst of vice and temptation, uncontaminated by example - untainted by the sad influence of the age! Infinitely respectable in his opposition to the fashion of the times; he stems the tide of vice; and faces with the serenity of virtue the daring enemy so fatal to the common herd of mortals. — Let him harbour an unjustifiable suspicion of himself, and fly his country and her vicious sons, to bury himself in more innocent climes — Does he not, in respect to the good of mankind, extinguish that virtue, which ought ever to be exerted in their support? Can he have any inducement but indolence, to retire to a people who want him not? to quit a service of trouble and activity, for an idle life of contemplation, study, and wandering? This may suit weak minds, my friend, but is beneath the tone of yours. Let your example shine forth at home, with all the stern lustre of philosophic firmness — Pursue your own just ideas — fly not the shafts of ridicule, but live superior to the fripperies of the age — Let the base multitude that will not practise what is right, see there is one that holds them in disdain. — This is the man that dreads

dreads not the contagion of example—that rises superior to the caprice of fortune, and displays in every sentiment of his mind—in every action of his life, that magnanimity is her own reward!

Not so the man ———

But no more: ——— I will not urge a point, self-evident and clear to a capacity far less than your's. Change these opinions, so injurious to your own glory——nor give me another opportunity to repeat an argument so unanswerable as this. One word more and I have done: It is no contemptible opinion, that the wisest plan, in an age so corrupted as this, is to *glide thro'* life, rather *avoiding* the shoals of vice than combating with them——rather attempting to preserve *one's-self* free from infection, than empirically prescribing for the diseases of *others*. As it is impossible to change the complexion of the times, to make no bustle——but wink at youthful follies, laugh with the multitude, and walk serenely o'er the stage of life. No Stoic-plan——and therefore I have attacked you from another quarter——your own maxims.

You talk, my friend, of forming a little society, perfectly consonant with reason, &c. Surely you cannot be so infatuated with every thing wild and American as to suppose most hermit-like retirement may not be practised in England. I wish in heaven you wou'd give me a commission, and I wou'd answer for purchasing you an estate in some distant county, far from any town, with scarce any neighbour but rusticks. Come over and take possession of such a spot, and suppose it to be on the banks of the great lake if you please, and see if the vain fashion of the age will find you out in your retirement, if you think proper yourself to keep free from them. I know some families in the country that live as retired from the world, as you can do in North-America. —Nay; suppose you were on the plan of a desert island, you might nearly——very nearly put it in practice at home, and that in the midst of society. You might fix on the cattle you thought requisite, on the implements you wou'd want, on the seeds you wou'd chuse to cultivate,

cultivate, and shutting yourself up from the world, forswear all converse with it.

But whence arises the necessity of all this? As to your plan of a select society, I question whether the universe will yield you a spot so proper for the scheme, as a thousand you might purchase at home; nor any country where your own house is so secure a castle, nor where you can reside in it so free from all kinds of interruptions.

Not so quick---say you---if I am a land-holder in England, so far am I from retirement---or even from the society of only those I chuse---that I must have certain gentlemen for my acquaintance, called assessors and collectors of taxes---duties---impositions---Of assessors of rates---I must squabble with rectors about tythes; I must be plagued and pestered with endless disputes; and so far from living retired, lead the life of a pettifogger.

Tell me honestly if I have not given your objections fair play, and thrown them into that declamatory strain you use so much in defence of your present conduct.---But to answer it in one word. Why not be contented to part with a little pelf to free yourself completely from these impertinencies? An animal upon two legs,---if you please you shall call him a man, comes to your door; "Sir, the taxes if you please, they amount to so and so."---'There's your money. Another calls on you for rates; "And, Sir, the village thinks you under-rated, and so you are raised."---Very well; the sum?---Now if, instead of paying, you quarrel, and will not be content to be imposed on, I agree to a part of your objection---but to get rid of that expence, you will incur a thousand times the amount in taking a single trip to American woods to escape it.---Indeed, my friend, you must change your measures, and try retirement at home, before you seek it elsewhere.

I forbear teasing you further at present, and therefore conclude myself, &c.

G. BOYDE.

L. E. T.

LETTER VIII.

Colonel FORRESTER to Mr. EDGERTON.

FLY to me this moment! A bottle of admirable Burgundy is before me—Here's a bumper to revenge! joy of my soul! I will pursue thee—e'en to the last drop of milky blood that taints my manly veins! Come and partake the pleasures of your friend. I have news from America—from that puppy Chetwyn. Now! now by heaven I have him! and to his inmost soul will pour heart-killing poison—Grant me but my revenge, just Heaven! and I ask no more. Know, my Dick, that this phantastic, whining fool has met with a lass in the woods of America, who with one glance of her eye has banished Miss Greville from his soul. He is most desperately in love—and rants away most sweetly. Pitiful fellow!—How I despise the wretch! If the fit holds, I'll strike—I can wait no longer for an opportunity.—My soul lives on tenter-hooks 'till I see him mad—raving with very wretchedness! Fool that I was to think his trumpery sister worthy one single thought of mine! To be refused by the vile minx! rejected!—and with scorn!—Him too—my pretended friend! to give me that friendly hitch—base, scoundrel fellow!—but his soul's best happiness shall pay the forfeit—turn'd to deadly gaul and endless misery. Prithee, Dick, come directly: let me unfold my scheme unto thee—point out the deadly shafts that wait him—and shew thee I have not play'd with my revenge like children's idle anger. Wou'd to heaven you had but a soul to relish it with full gout—thou art an honest fellow and pretty staunch—but then that noble spirit of revenge, that pride of soul, which kindles hell at the slight shadow of an ill, resides not in thee. Time may do wonders—however, exercise the faculty, and remember among the milky sons of men he fares the best that is most dreaded. Apropos; your wife. What a damn'd trick! But what's your plan?

plan?—punish home, or I forswear thee converse.
 Clap her immediately into mother Staine's mad-house:
 I will furnish you with any assistance you want: com-
 mand my purse and sword—you know they are your's.
 That convenient Devil will do her business to your
 mind: and if you take not this proceeding, by Heaven's!
 Dick, thou art worthy nothing but to be tied to her
 apron-strings. Strike home—or live her slave. Adieu.
 Come immediately, for I embark with my myrmidons
 for America in a day or two. Your's,

C. FORRESTER.



L E T.

LETTER IX.

Miss HERVEY to Miss CHETWYN.

SO — so — my friend Harriet! Very sage and sententious indeed! in love with the Colonel! Not so fast, my dear — You are superior to the shafts of love, 'tis true — (indeed I know not how you shou'd well be otherwise, while so very American) but don't imagine your friends weaker than Heaven has made them — enough so of conscience, without the least of your addition. No, my Harriet — my heart will not so soon be caught by my eye — Nay, shou'd I find myself entrapped, I really believe I shou'd hate a fellow for presuming to make the slightest conquest over me. — See, my dear, how truly ridiculous your suspicions are! Your brother! a pretty fellow truly; to let a new mistress be his business in America. So soon forget his old one in England! You see what dependance is to be placed on the men. Woe betide us all, that trust more in their vows than we wou'd in broken reeds. I saw Miss Greville yesterday — She had heard of the adventure, and was, I thought, cast down — but this may be imagination; she certainly put on what cheerfulness I saw in her. The mother cannot so well dissemble: it is easy to be seen in her how infinitely she is nettled. However, I do not apprehend there is reason for any of you to be much alarmed — depend on it, this incognita, this fair Indiana — is nothing but the whim of an accidental hour — A flight of youth! Violently in love, you know, they always are — such sighing, tender swains! ridiculous sex! to be imposed on by such absolute stuff and falsehood!

Wednesday. Well might I abuse the fellows! I believe there does not exist a man that ought to live — All alike! — But you shall hear. Yesterday afternoon as I was lolling on my sofa, and wishing you were with me, that I might be entertained with laugh-
ing

ing at your romantic Ideas——who shou'd be shown up but the airy ——the elegant ——the agreeable Mrs. Edgerton; all wit, vivacity and spirit: the finest cordial for melancholy moments imaginable. Exceedingly agreeable she was to me. We laughed over the old adventure once more, and she expressed most ardent wishes to have it in her power to throw Mr. Edgerton again into as ridiculous a light as she did before: I must own it wou'd not be a little pleasing to me. I engaged her to stay with me for the Opera; music she adores, was dying half the evening——There is a good deal of fashion in this; but she is an agreeable creature, so I forgive her. When we wanted to be gone, there was a jumble amongst the coaches, ours was not in the way, and to get from amidst the croud of footmen and flambeaux, we each of us stepped into a chair, and off we moved. Presently my chair stopped, it opened, and out I got supposing myself at home; but I had not got a step from the chair, but a vulgar-looking fellow clapt one arm round my waist, and with the other held a handkerchief to my mouth, and in a trice lifted me into a hackney coach, that stood close to us. I had not time to think, to speak or move, but was drove off at a great rate in the twinkling of an eye.

Taking the handkerchief from my mouth, and finding that I did not shriek, he left it at liberty. I laughed out at the fellow, “Who the duce set you to carry me off?” He gave me no answer——“But whoever it was that gave you your commission, you are a most confounded bungler to mistake your lady so much.” “Oh! Madam, that trick won't take with me.” In about an hour the coach stopped at the door of a house which seemed to stand alone; we had been off the stones some time. An ill-looking, middle aged woman received me at the door, took hold of my hand, and led me rather rudely into a back room.

My spirits never forsook me one moment, as I had ever the utmost contempt for such absurd and ridiculous schemes as these. I cou'd not conceive who cou'd be
the

the plotter of the mischief; and was most inclined to think the rascal had made a mistake in his prey.

In the name of all that's ridiculous, what am I brought here for?

For no harm to you at all.

May be so. But that blundering fellow is mistaken: It is impossible I shou'd be the woman you want.

Mistaken! No——no——he knows his business better than that comes to.——(*And turning to a servant*) You see how mad she is——quite gone——but we'll cure her.——Mad!——Now I see plainly you are deceived! What is my name? Your name! what matters what your name is!——I know you well enough——but you shall soon be well——your illness shan't hold long——So saying, she would have conducted me out of the room: I did not much relish going, and therefore with a smile on my countenance, I bid the maid leave the room, and walking up to the woman,

Lookye, Mistress I dont know who——let me undeceive you——play none of your tricks with me, for I know the world a little too well. Tell me under whose orders you play your part; and I will engage to give you double the sum you receive from him, be it what it will.

She stared at me, but answered:

Come——come——none of this nonsense——Go——go up to bed.

Hold your tongue, and attend to me. I am independent of all the world, and possessed of an ample fortune——enough to bribe twenty such women as you to imprison half London: Therefore hear me: You know me not——I am not the person you shou'd have. But tell me who employs you to keep the lady you mean to do——with her name and the whole affair——tell it me directly, and I will reward you handsomely.

I saw she was much stagger'd at this——but recovering her surprize.

Go——go——I say, I have something else to do than to spend my time in talking to a mad thing.

Here, woman: (*drawing off my glove, and taking a small diamond ring off my finger*) Here is a ring of great value---(*her eyes sparkled at the word*) I pledge this as a token of what I promise--- Answer me directly---

Why to be sure if---

No ifs--- An Answer directly.

If, as I was saying, you are not the lady--- Why you shall go--- but then the money--- you know---

Not so fast--- Go, I won't, unless you tell me the man--- Who is he? Who was you to keep? Never fear my generosity--- Mr. who?--- you see this ring---

His name is Edgerton.

And I you take to be his wife?

Yes, Madam.

What was you to do with me? How long to keep me?

During his pleasure: till I had recovered you of your disorder.

My madness?

Yes, Madam. But I can't say you seem at all that way inclined---

Very good. And when is Mr. Edgerton to call on you?

Next week.

For what purpose?

To make me my first payment, and give directions concerning you.

Now attend to me. Follow my directions, and you shall find me as good as my word.

Before I proceed any further--- The ring Madam!

There it is. I shall leave you directly, and when Mr. Edgerton calls on you, tell him I am very ill; and if he should unexpectedly ask to see me, put it off, and let him know, that I am in a very bad way--- Receive your pay of him, and put it in your pocket. But on no account---

I will obey your orders to a tittle.

Let the deceit transpire. I would not on any account have you blunder in executing these instructions. I am well acquainted with Mr. Edgerton, tho' not his wife,

wife, and well able to reward you handsomely, if you carry on the plot dextrously.

But, Madam ——— you forget yourself——his wife is at liberty, and will be seen by him possibly in two days; then ———

Never fear. I know her well, and will answer for it that she shall be well concealed.

If possible then it shall be done.

If possible, is no answer to me. Surely you see it is your own interest to chime in with my schemes —— Mr. Edgerton pays you as usual for keeping and curing his wife —— and I will (observe me) reward you if I find you manage the matter as I direct. What is your name?

You must excuse me there, Madam.

Well then, give me a direction to some friend—— that will, on occasion, receive money for your use, that you can depend on.—— And as I find you keep Mr. Edgerton ignorant of the truth, for I see him every week, I will now and then send you a few guineas as a reward.—— But if once you let him discover it, then expect no more from me.

Depend upon me for managing it to your mind.

Further; With some money, I shall some time hence send you an order to acquaint him the next time he calls, that his wife is dead, and ask his instructions what you are to do with her? Whether he wou'd not have her buried as one of your family? And if he says yes, then report again to him that the business is done, and demand your last reward.

If your ladyship will leave a letter, or any parcel, directed for A. B. with a cross mark under it, at Mr. Thompson's, Glover, in May-fair, it will come safe to me, tho' he knows me not.

Can I depend on your performing what I have required?

You may indeed.

Don't imagine you can deceive me, for I shall know at once either by Mr. Edgerton or his wife, if you have betrayed me, or blundered it out.

Mr.

Mr. Edgerton will be satisfied with half a word, Madam, and will never demand a sight of his wife: There will be no difficulty in the affair at all.

Remember your own interest at both sides is at stake.

Never fear me, Madam. If your ladyship pleases, I will order a coach — but, Madam, you must submit to go with a man.

Very well: I will go now.

The coach was at the door in about an hour, with a fellow ready for my guard. They set me down in a street I knew not — but I walked some way, and found a stand of chairs, when getting into one, I ordered them to carry me to my father's — and most agreeably found the family in no alarm, no whisking the footmen here, there, and every where after me; my father was surprised at my staying so very late — for it was near morning: but I told him an accident had happened which obliged me to call on Mrs. Edgerton, and I could not for a great while get a chair to come from her lodgings home.

This morning I walked to Mrs. Edgerton; related the whole affair, and begged of her to conceal herself by all means till we could make something of the adventure — I told her my plan was to wait till Mr. Edgerton was informed of her pretended death, and then observe him well, when twenty to one but we should catch him: But as this would require some time, the difficulty was, to know what to do in the mean time. At last she thought of her aunt Williams, who lived in Devonshire; said she would write to her to invite herself to her house for a month or two; and in the mean time keep herself very close. I begged of her to give absolute orders to the woman of the house she lodged in, to tell every body that called, that she had not returned home from last night's Opera, to her great surprize. Having managed matters thus far, I have nothing to do but to watch Mr. Edgerton narrowly, which I have a good opportunity of doing at Mrs. Duncomb's, where I can meet him at any time, and receive the proper intelligence from my friend, the mad-house lady.

Now,

Now, my Harriet, have I not conducted this adventure most bewitchingly? Some whining misses wou'd have fairly been passed off to the other world as a mad creature---but by exerting a little spirit, you see how I extricated myself, and turned the snares of the vile fellow on himself; and little doubt do I make, but we shall catch him most horribly. Mrs. Edgerton is fully convinced, that his intention was to confine her for life----or very possibly to shorten it by means of that infernal devil. I shou'd have no dependence on such a creature, did I not hold her by her interest in so double a manner, that I think we are perfectly safe. And she cannot resell me to Mr. Edgerton, for that wou'd show him at once that she is not to be trusted---and besides, wou'd lose her constant pay from him. If Mrs Edgerton manages her part well in keeping entirely concealed, I have no idea but his cash will fly to make himself a gull to his own villainy.

Adieu, my dearest.

I remain ever your's,

C. HERVEY.



LETTER X.

Mr. EDGERTON to Colonel FORRESTER.

I HAVE followed your advice to a hair: She is secured in Mrs. Gooches clutches, who swears that I shall never more be troubled with her. This is hot work, and if your prophecies do not take place, will be in vain: but by Jupiter I am come to that pass, that they must, or she might as well give me a dose of madness. Edwards did the business like a fellow that understands it---He contrived to have Miss Hervey's coach out of the way, with whom she went to the Opera, fixed a chair at their very noses, and two of his people, with some footmen of their acquaintance, almost mobbed them with their crowding and flambeaux: the bait took, they whipped into the chairs, and my chick was fairly brought off to a coach that waited in a by-place, and was with dear Mrs. Gooch in a trice. She made a desperate rout, pretended not to be married, threatened, scolded, laughed, cry'd, and all in a minute, but they presently dragged her to the dungeon---and began the course of physick; and the old devil assures me I need be under *no apprehensions*.

You are a fellow of admirable intelligence: I took your hint, and made the enquiries after that country lout the Buckinghamshire 'Squire with his rich niece: As you supposed, a most abominable bruin, specially calculated for being made a fool of. If I could succeed there, the matter wou'd do---but I have horrible horrors at a failure, for my damn'd creditors grow intolerably clamorous---and, heaven knows, Charles, that nothing but a run of luck the other night stopped their mouths with a sugar plum *in preserte*.

I will set every engine to work the wit of man can devise, to gull this old dog and his niece, and must and will succeed---Mother Gooch is all obedient; I have no fears from that quarter---and let me assure you--no qualms.---No:---whatever be my fate, you shall
not

not have it in your power to laugh at me for milkiness of blood—I will show myself worthy your friendship, and if I do not succeed, banish from my soul all that's human in me——— Oh! what a thought!——— Zounds, Charles, give me your good wishes. It must do——— I will cut their throats, if old Bruin will not hang his estate about his niece's neck, and beg me to take it.

You talk nobly of revenge——— and Heaven grant success to your's.——— 'Tis truly a conduct worthy a man of spirit—and precisely for that reason all men of true spirit are highly revengeful.——— Tenacious of their honour, they determine that no mortal shall offend them with impunity. The Anger of Achilles shou'd have been called the Revenge of Achilles.——— All great souls feel this spirit boil within them on an injury of any kind.——— You time it well: This Fair American of his is mistress of his whole soul, there is the spot——— there the mortal heel——— strike there, and you are revenged! Adieu.

R. EDGERTON.



LETTER XI.

Sir PHILIP CHETWIN to Colonel FORRESTER.

I Received your most obliging letter, my friend, and believe me when I assure you that nothing cou'd give me more pleasure, than the polite and expressive terms in which you congratulate my good fortune, and offer me your services. At present I have no occasion to trouble any one, as the whole circle of my concerns is bounded by these charming woods;—all that Heaven has formed beautiful and elegant is confined to this sweet spot.

I told you in my last that my charming, innocent Emmera, was greatly alarmed at a hint I dropped of moving her from her retirement; and that I had pacified her by promising not to do it contrary to her inclinations, and by beginning to live with her in the native simplicity of all her rural occupations.

Just Heaven! What an enchantment does love throw over every action, every sentiment of life, and renders that most agreeable this minute, which was the most disgustful the last.

Our life is a busy round of a great variety of occupations, all tending to health and cheerfulness—intermixed with conversations so original and amazingly pleasing on the part of my charmer, that I have not passed one tedious moment these six weeks. We rise every day with the sun, and in the fine cool of the morning, employ ourselves in business which requires some strength. The garden takes up much of our time. It is planted in a pretty taste with a variety of fruit-trees; these my Emmera prunes. That part of it which is occupied by kitchen stuff is a plot of about half an acre, the beans, peas, parsnips, carrots, potatoes, &c. all planted in rows at some distance from each other for the conveniency of plowing between them, which is a great saving of digging; and wou'd you believe it, Charles, I yoke a pair of oxen every day
or

or two, for the purpose of plowing between the rows of kitchen vegetables, and the wheat in our inclosures: My Emmera tells me, her father learned the method of sowing in rows in England, and that it is a little practised there for corn (*I never beheld it there*); he told her the advantage of it was, that the plowing in the spaces, prepared a stripe of ground for next year's rows like a fallow, and at the same time, greatly promoted the growth of the present crop. This stands to reason; and I see it exemplified in our own farm. I never beheld finer wheat; and my Emmera is so clean a weeder, not one is to be seen among the corn, &c. in the rows. She constantly weeds while I plow.

After this labour is done, I bring up the cows from some beautiful pastures enclosed by the old man. The natural breed of this country is extremely fine, and require no other trouble, but to be drove from the woods while young, and bred up in a domestic manner. This heaven-born maid milks them regularly, and performs all the little offices of the dairy with inimitable neatness — I may say elegance. Oh! Charles! envy me the delicious repasts we make from this dairy. Breakfast follows — no stated place — for if the morning proves hot, we frequently take it in a pretty little boat, on a small but most romantic creek from the lake, within a quarter of a mile of the house. We cast anchor under the spreading branches of beech trees hanging from a fine bold shore, close over the water, a thousand picturesque objects in view all around. Sweet and delicious scenes! — Never — never will your warm impression be effaced from my retentive imagination! — The very heat of the day is passed either in the house, or some labour of Emmera's raising, of which there are several, or in the boat: She works (no superfluities of gew-gaw vanity) and I read to her out of some few books her father brought here with him. Plutarch, the Spectator, and Milton are standing books with us. Dinner is generally taken in the house. In the afternoon we read and work; instead of tea she has an infusion of an herb gathered by herself; she tried several,

several, when some tea brought by the father was done, and at last fixed on one which is really very pleasant. We use honey instead of sugar. In the evening I take to my tools, and labour again, either hoeing, digging, chopping wood against winter (*mark that*) or any work of the season that is necessary. Such generally is the round of the day, with variations however, and of them not a few, such as fishing, &c.——Insignificant enough, you'll say. So should I once have thought; but, good Heaven! what a change!

Methinks I hear you say—'Tis pretty play enough just while the fit lasts—To have so fine an opportunity with the girl you love! So much time for courting! No rivals!——But prithee, Phil, don't make an American fool of yourself—but bring her away---I think myself the happiest of mankind to have this opportunity---and most desperately in love with her I am. Pray Heaven I may be able to make an impression on her heart; but as to removing her from this sweet retirement---it all depends on her own will: Her power over me is absolute: Let her but speak the word---and I remain here her slave for ever.

The astonishing awe and reverence I have for the native innocence and simplicity of this angelic creature, works so powerfully with me, that, so far am I from harbouring a thought injurious to her honour, I dare not explain the situation of my mind to her; the words, *I love you*, are for ever quivering on my tongue---but I tremble too much to drop them. Thank Heaven she seems to think herself very happy in having me with her---and, except in several melancholy moments when the memory of her dear father breaks upon her mind, she is cheerful and happy---pursues her little business the whole day with pleasure, always conversing with me--but, to my amazement, makes no enquiries about the world: She is delighted when I perform my work dexterously; likes much to have me read to her, and makes many remarks which would entertain a fellow of your understanding——Genuine nature!

One

One morning, as I was taking a walk down to the creek to enjoy the delicious freshness of the air—I saw her come from the house———“ Oh! said she, Mr.——— But what is your name? I am often going to call you Mr. something, but never thought to ask it.

My name is Chetwyn, my fair Emmera. What may your surname be?

Why really I don't know——What my poor father's reasons were I know not; but he never would tell me. He often put by the question——saying, What does that signify?——never mind——Emmera is enough. But, Mr. Chetwyn, we will spend to day in the grove, and eat in the little pavilion.———

The what?——my Emmera!———

You shall see——But first let us load the boat for our little voyage;——we will take provisions for the day, and a book for part of the entertainment.

Did I never see this grove and pavilion?

Never.

I returned to the house, and helped her to pack a basket with some trifles for the day's repast, with our fishing-tackle——and taking Milton in my pocket, we set off for the boat. I rowed a little way up the creek, till we came to the mouth of a small river, into which Emmera directed me to guide the boat. In about half an hour the stream grew so narrow that I could not use the oars, but was forced to push the boat along with one of them against the banks; the trees and under-wood which grew along the brook, so arched it over, that we could scarce see more than a glimmering of the sun thro' the almost impervious shade. It was excessively romantic and pretty: The course of the brook gently winding in some places, let us look forward to some distance thro' the bending irregular arch of wood, which, just letting the rays of the sun twinkle on the undulating water, had a fine and most picturesque effect. Now and then we caught a break in the wood that surrounded us, which gave us by contrast an agreeable surprize: The country was rocky and mountainous. I pushed on
highly

highly delighted with the romantic scene near an hour, when the brook contracted its banks more than before; and I could scarce make my way for bushes and brambles that hung quite into the boat: I began to complain.

My dear Emmera, sure you have mistaken the way? This grows a horrid place.——

Oh! fie! Have courage, Mr. Chetwyn.——I have guided the boat here myself.

How much further is this same grove?

Not above a mile; if I have not lost the way.——

That you certainly have——we had better turn back——this bushy, pricking ditch, can lead to nothing.

No——no; go on——I shall soon see whether I am come right or not.

On I shoved thro' an army of bushes, which had not Emmera been skilful, would have tore her eyes out. I soon cried out again for turning back; but still on was the word: And thus it continued for I believe near half another hour, without one moment's day light. At last, after a few minutes of more than ordinary struggle thro' briars and brambles, we suddenly broke upon an opening, which threw before my astonished eyes a small but most exquisite valley——surrounded on every side except the brook, by an amphitheatre of mountains, thickly covered with a vast variety of trees. This striking little valley seemed scooped from out the body of a vast woody mountain, and painted with the freshest verdure I ever beheld. On one side stood, half shaded with trees hanging from the mountain's side, a light elegant pavilion, apparently of white marble, which I could have sworn had been raised by magic, such a contrast was it to every thing my eyes had so long beheld. Opposite to it a small cascade broke from the mountain in several irregular sheets of transparent water——in one place hid——in another glittering thro' an embrowning canopy of wood, and forming a scene delightful beyond all imagination. Its stream composed a basin in the midst of the valley, which reflected all the beauties of this enchanting spot. I am

a fool for attempting to describe what could scarcely be expressed by the pencil of a Claud Lorraine. The moment this delicious landskip broke on my eye, the oar dropt from my hand—I stood mute for some minutes like a statue.

Well, cries Emmera, is not this worth coming to? But, Mr. Chetwyn, you wanted to go back—you regretted a few bushes.—

My fair Emmera, you are a deity—you are not what you seem—thou art the enchantress who spreads a picture to my eye, which can have no reality in nature.—Let me feel your hand—sure thou art all air!—

Air indeed!—No, no, let us land, and I will show you I am not made of air—for I am quite hungry, you have managed the boat so unskillfully.

Ashore we went, and fastening our boat, walked to the pavilion: Emmera opened a door at one end of it, which let us into a small, neat room behind it: It was designed for containing a few conveniencies when she and her father came to this sweet spot.—My dear Emmera, what could be your reason for not letting me know before of this charming place?

That when you had the pleasure, it might appear the greater. What raptures you are in! Had I described it to you, it would not have figured thus. It came upon you unexpectedly, and the contrast between so pretty a spot, and the disagreeable road to it, heightens all its charms infinitely. There is nothing but the pavilion here so exceeding beautiful as to eclipse all our other landskips—but the contrast gives infinite advantages.

Nothing can be more just than your observation: But why did you not bring me here before?

My father never made too free with this little hermitage, as he used to call it; the house, he said, was a busy scene;—this a retired one: But only on particular occasions spent a day here. This management made it yet more agreeable. Our visits were so few, that we were never tired. Our birth-days, and my mother's, who died while I was young, we always celebrated here; also my father's wedding day—and the

anniversary of his arriving at his retirement, is a great jubilee. Your birth-day we will add to the list.

My charming Emmera! your management delights me. 'This really is taking a trip to Heaven.

Make it as heavenly as you can, by preserving your mind in a state as agreeable as possible. To-day we will think of nothing but what is pleasing, that the harmony within us may keep pace with the paradise without. See how bright the sun shines—how exquisite are these magnolia's—can any thing be more fragrant than those roses!—All planted by my father and me.——

Fear not, my lovely queen of this fair paradise, that one single thought to mar my joy can come across my mind to-day. Oh! my Emmera! I never am in your company, but my soul's in heaven—I seem to tread on air—and all is pleasure and delight.——

No European compliments, (*blushing*) Mr. Chetwyn; plain, sincere language is only fit for a hermitage—you are in no court—you must leave your ideas behind you.——But come, 'tis time for breakfast—we will have it under yon magnolia near the cascade.——Will you take these things? ——

Emmera had provided nothing of the common sort; the nectarines she had gathered from a tree that always bore fruit of a most delicious flavour: the butter was exquisite; the cows had been turned into a plantation of lucern on purpose for this occasion: The bread was made of the very finest wheat: The green turf was our cloth and table; and the seasoning of our repast.

'The feast of reason, and the flow of soul.'

On the part of my Emmera, genuine reason! shining forth with all the mild radiance of untainted purity!

Is not this, Mr. Chetwyn, a most delicious breakfast?

Delicious indeed! It is a treat fit for paradise alone.

And do you really think that the plain simplicity of this meal atones for the want of the refinements you are used to?

Aye; and ten thousand times exceeds them.

I must think that extraordinary; for habit has so great an influence on the mind, that so sudden and total a change

change can scarcely be agreeable. And yet why shou'd you dissemble?--I know you must often be very melancholy at losing the company of your friends---but to day---you must forget them.

Indeed, Emmera, you wrong me there. Since first I saw you, I have not passed one melancholy hour.

That is very strange. A woman, whose ideas must be so very circumscribed as mine, can be but poor company for a man so used to the world as you.

Not knowing the world, my fair friend, you know but little of yourself in the comparison. Your father! how much I reverence his memory! To give you all the knowledge necessary to grace your mind, and extend your ideas of the useful and the beautiful, far beyond the train of most European ladies. 'Tis impossible, my Emmera, that I shou'd regret society and the world, while I enjoy all that is valuable in them in your conversation.

Do not mistake me, Mr. Chetwyn: I am far from valuing either the world or its society---but I think it wonderful, that a man so used to both shou'd at all relish such a retirement as this. But I am clearly of opinion, while in the world you never was so free from disgusts and disappointments as you have been since secluded from it.

True, my Emmera; and you may add, that I never was half so happy.

From my idea of society, I shou'd think it scarce possible even to enjoy such a scheme as this: Some relation, friend or acquaintance will be of the party, who, twenty to one, mars it. And nothing can be more natural; for, coming warm from the world, with all its variety of interests and prejudices in their heads, is it to be wondered at, that true genuine good humour shou'd not have the rule a single day? I shou'd think it a miracle if it had.

Nothing in nature can be juster than your idea of that world you are so happy as to have no connections with.

And yet there is one thing which seems to contradict the truth of that idea. ---

And

And what may that be?

Why your conduct of late. You have lately seemed reconciled to retirement; and I think do not regret leaving the world. Now the possibility of this appeared to me a contradiction.

My charming Emmera, you have no just idea of your own perfections: Not one woman in ten millions could have made so solitary a spot in the least agreeable to me. ---No other woman upon earth could have rendered it so agreeable. But an understanding which exalts you above the common rank---a delicacy of taste and sentiment I never met with before---and a genuine simplicity of soul which is its greatest ornament, make this place dear to me, because it is connected with you.

Oh! Mr. Chetwyn, (*blushing*) I can never deserve such compliments---they suit not with the hermitage; remember where we are.

By Heavens! they are no compliments: Nothing but the real opinion I cannot but entertain of you.

Come, Sir---surely we have had breakfast enough? ---We have to catch some tench out of this basin for dinner. Nothing but rarities, you see, at the hermitage. My father stocked the basin with some fine ones he took in the river, and made it a rule never to eat of them but on these little festivals.

We dined in the pavilion: the fish exquisite; and the repast concluded with a bottle of admirable wine of her own making, from a little vineyard of her father's planting.

In the afternoon we strolled about, admiring with rapture the woody beauties of our little valley. I observed that there was no single entrance into it but the little stream by which we came. Emmera asked me, if it would be agreeable to spend an hour or two in trimming up the jessamins, honey-suckles and roses, which formed the almost natural arbours she had made with their entwining branches; a little labour which her father and she had always partook of when they came here. This employment, with sweet converse, held till the time for tea, when she told me, she had yet another

other rarity;—"To-day you shall have a dish of real tea---When our stock grew low, we never indulged ourselves in it, but at the hermitage.---There are a few makings left -- one of them for to-day."

We drank it under one of my Emmera's bowers, in other words, under a thousand branches of the most fragrant jessamins, hanging in beautiful festoons around us.---Never was any thing more delicious. What tea! seldom tasted---how agreeable the flavour---made by my Emmera! Heavens! that I shou'd never enjoy a tea-drinking till this moment!

"My Emmera, before we stir I will read you a passage in Milton."

With all my heart, Mr. Chetwyn: That divine poem is one continued beauty. He is my favourite, I assure you.

How beautiful is this fourth book! The ideas it recalls to my mind are such, as my present charming situation gilds with more than common lustre. What a sweet taste for description had this great man!

Another side, unbrageous grotts and caves
Of cool recess, o'er which the mantling vine
Lays forth her purple grape, and gently creeps
Luxuriant; mean while murm'ring waters fall
Down the slope hills, dispers'd or in a lake,
That to the fring'd bank with myrtle crown'd
Her crystal mirror holds; unite their streams.

This is the very spot! Hearken to the cascade! see its irriguous stream!

The birds their quire apply; airs, vernal airs,
Breathing the smell of field and grove, attune
The trembling leaves, while universal Pan
Knit with the graces and the Hours in dance
Led on th' eternal spring-----

Is not this infinitely pretty, Emmera?

E 2

Cha ming

Charming indeed. Surely, Mr. Chetwyn, there are but few poets that have so fine a manner of describing the beauties of nature: My father was infinitely fond of these passages in Milton, and I think had there been any other whose works were equal, would have brought them with him to his retirement.

None, my fair Emmera, that come near to this immortal man.

And going on till I came to the description of Adam and Eve——and that line,

For softness she and sweet attractive grace——

I gently pressed her hand to my lips——“My dear Emmera! did ever woman but you deserve that epithet?”——She blushed, and only said, don't compliment, Mr. Chetwyn.——

Under a tuft of shade that on a green
Stood whisp'ring soft, by a fresh fountain side
'They sat them down;——

How like our own situation, my Eve! What exquisite pleasure is there in *feeling* the force of such passages as these!

—— and after no more toil
Of their sweet gard'ning labour than suffic'd
To recommend cool Zephyr, and made ease
More easy, wholesome thirst and appetite
More grateful, to their supper fruits they fell,
Nectarin fruits, which the compliant boughs
Yielded them, side-long as they sat recline
On the soft downy bank damask'd with flowers:

Oh! my Emmera! that in the inventive imagination of a poet, we shou'd see our own blissful state painted to such a truth!

Oh! fie, you European!——Do you really think it blissful?

By

By heavens I do.

Why then did you talk of taking me hence?

I was ridiculously mad. I will live for ever with you in this sweet solitude. Shall I not? — But hear how he goes on.

The savory pulp they chew, and in the rind
Still as they thirsted scoop the brimming stream;
Nor gentle purpose, nor endearing smiles
Wanted, nor youthful dalliance as befits
Fair couple, link'd in happy nuptial league,
Alone as they ———

I fell upon my knees before the dear divinity of my soul, and clasping her hand in mine, kiss'd it with rapture, and bedew'd it with my tears. Oh! Emmera! my Emmiera! Why have you not the soul to ——— to ——— alas! ———

I looked up, and beheld a sweet tear trinkle from the eye of my charmer, while she cast a look upward, as if pouring forth an ejaculation to heaven as her guide. Good God! what were the feelings of my soul, at the sight of that angelic countenance! I existed for some moments in the regions of the blessed—all joy—all delirium—for I knew not what.

Emmera!

Come, Sir---no more.---I did not expect to have drank the cup of sorrow in this hitherto happy spot of innocent festivity. Oh! Mr. Chetwyn, you are fit only for the world. I was deceived in you.

The cup of sorrow! What means my angel?

Rather say, what means this language?---Whither tends this behaviour? ---Oh! Sir!---Remember my dear father's last words. Do not---do not seek to ruin her you found, at least so innocent!

Heavens, Madam!---you wrong me in that word. I'd rather strike a dagger to my soul, than for one moment entertain a thought injurious to your honour.

I do believe you mean it not---but do not blind yourself with the vain sophistry of a deceiving world, which
rushes

rushes into that it seems to shun: Think of your situation!----more wretched than the world, if wanting innocence: Think of an orphan used to the converse of paternal tenderness, and then the dreary, lone inhabitant of endless woods! So helpless, and exposed to melancholy thoughts, shou'd you appear to plunge her soul in grief, and rob that bosom of its only peace, which knew not of remorse! —

Enough; thou fairest image of more than human excellence! Since you suspect the purity of my thoughts, I'll bury them in the recesses of my soul; nor e'er give utterance to that more than adoration, in which for ever I must hold your virtues. 'Tis in the sun shine of your eye that I alone exist. Cast not a shade upon your beams!---Oh! Emmera! the dew of heaven falls down in blessings on mankind, yet knows of them no more!

I'm satisfied. I see that virtue is my guard---and therefore know no fear. United in the strongest bands of friendship and esteem---happy in our little, solitary society---whither shou'd we wander for greater blessings! Serenity of soul is ours. Oh! Mr, Chetwyn, I wou'd not change this life I lead with you, to step with splendor to an envy'd throne!

Ah! my fairest Emmera!---But if fresh objects of unknown merit were to appear---is it only me you---

Oh! let me break that sentence, that most injurious hint; so European---so little suited to the simplicity of my mind!---No, Sir---rest satisfied, while you remain what now you seem, 'tis only you with whom I'd live.

Here then to Heaven I'll bend---Oh! Gracious God! give me the power of treating this fairest of your fair creation, with never-ending respect. Let me perpetually honour the native purity of her soul---and never in thought, word or deed, act towards her, but with the most upright, virtuous intentions. Thro' thy eternal mercy grant me this prayer; thou knowest I make it in all sincerity of soul!

Come, thou blessed pattern of all genuine excellence,
trust

trust me as the keeper of your honour----you shall not, with heaven's assistance, find me unworthy.

I do most religiously trust you. — On you— you only, I entirely depend, for all earthly happiness.

* * * *

Grant you patience to go to the end of this, to you, tedious journal; I think it cannot be otherwise, and yet you see I am about to make some small additions to it.

We left the hermitage (by the bye I believe I never told you, that the pavilion was entirely of her father's raising, and the pillars of his own carving) in perfect serenity of mind. and that good opinion which each had of the other greatly improved. My dear Emma had a certain tender melancholy which heightened every charm, and I think never seemed to breathe in a more perfect degree that soft gale of tranquility, which wafts the soul upon the wings of love, and lulls it in Elysium. — I know not how to express that more than human serenity so mixed with cheerfulness, and that gilding of the mind — that sun-shine of the soul — which never exists with mirth, but in mild effective beams diffuses its sweet influence.

We returned to our regular course of life, and that happy day then seemed half an age---our imaginations magnified the little incidents of it, and we cou'd scarce believe, that the bounds of a single day shou'd contain such a variety as then was pictured in our memories.

I know not what may be your opinion of the matter, but I shall ever esteem myself peculiarly happy in meeting, so circumstanced, with the most truly amiable woman in the universe. Never shall I be weary of this solitary spot, while it is enlivened with all that fancy can imagine charming. I am quite a convert to retirement, and most sincerely assure you, that I find more pleasure in the menial offices I perform here, than in the gayest and most glittering periods of my life. The most laborious employments, the most trifling actions---even the very minutiae of an inconsiderable farm, take here a cloathing of entertainment and elegance: It is impossible to express the more than human grace this
sweet

sweet creature throws on the slightest actions——
 What striking turns of sentiment every thing gives rise
 to——What a taste for the just and beautiful displays
 itself in all her remarks!——To whom wou'd not such
 a woman render solitude agreeable! And let me further
 add; I find my present life wonderful healthy; for
 from my cradle to this hour, never did I enjoy such an
 uninterrupted state of perfect health.

Adieu, my friend: In the next packet I leave behind
 the mountain, you shall not be forgot: No body has
 yet troubled me; I have again charged my sister on no
 account to disturb my repose, by any impertinent mes-
 senger. I have threatened to pistol the first European
 face I behold within the limits of this retirement.

P. CHETWIN.



I E T.

LETTER XII.

Miss HERVEY to Miss CHETWIN.

INDEED, my Harriet, you never displayed your judgment less than when you begged of me to employ all my vacant hours in scribbling to you whatever came uppermost. Oh! what a lively pen ought that to be, so trusted to run riot with unbounded wildness--- In good faith, enough to overturn the reason of the reader, and render his imagination, if he is attentive to stuff, a very phantastic mirror of absurdity---Let me see---hum---special sense that!---this letter begins charmingly---how 'twill end, Heaven---

* * *

---Oh! the plague of aunts! Harriet, if you were teased with them as I am, you'd---Madam Grainger, and her sweet sister Mrs. Copping, dined with us to-day, and interrupted a fine tale I was going to tell you---instead of which, I have been quite pickled, fry'd and fricasee'd in religion. You know with what zealous eloquence they harangue on that subject, and how eager they are to have every body else join in the conversation, which, however, they cannot do without incurring most terrible denunciations of divine vengeance on the least difference of opinion. They were disputing what wou'd be the event of something very distant---

Dear, said I, what matters how it will be? Five hundred years hence the world will know enough of it.

There---now,---replied Mrs. Copping; you see how much she reads the scriptures!

La', Madam!---How?---What?---

Why, child, how ignorant you are not to know that the world will be at an end in about three hundred years. How therefore shou'd it five hundred years hence know any thing of that matter?

The world at an end in three hundred years! Dear Madam!---where do you find that?

Aye,

Aye, now! See there! adds Mrs. Grainger, that's the common cant——“Where do you find that?”——and——“Who told you that?”——and such interjections of contempt is all you meet with now-a-days. But, sister Copping, you know, I think, that's a disputed point.

No disputed point, indeed. But are we not told *that day will come like a thief in the night*——*The one shall be taken, the other left*, And so it will be:——and then let me see whether they'll cry out, “Where do you find that, pray?”——and “Who told you that?”

But, dear aunt, don't put yourself in such a passion; I only asked *for information* where it was to be found?

Where it was to be found truly! Why it is to be found in the revelations.

The revelations!

Aye, to be sure.——See there now——Peck at that too, I hope. The Revelations!

I suppose, aunt, you understand all the revelations——And so you interpret the end of the world from the revelations?

Yes, I do, and many learned men are of the same opinion. There's Dr. Mead, and Dr. Hen. More, and Dr. Thomas——

Dear sister Copping—you forget yourself; Dr. Hen. More was of a different opinion.

Sister Grainger, you are mistaken. I say Dr.——

I protest, sister Copping, you forget. I do insist——

Sister Grainger, you may insist what you will—you know how much I read——

I care not what you read, sister Copping:—you shou'd know better what you read before you contradict other people. I say——

I say, 'tis no such thing——

I say, you say wrong——you——you're furious——

Furious truly!—You are ignorance itself; 'tis Dr. More——

'Tis Dr. Mead——

Ridiculous creature!

Obdurate

Obstinate fool! I'll leave the room, I won't keep your company—you'll be a Devil soon!—*Away she flew in a passion.*

Now do not imagine, my dear grave Harriet, that I write this in ridicule of religion——far from it; and I assure you most faithfully every syllable passed. I am not one that takes a pleasure in laughing at every thing I do not understand: But it wou'd be stupidity itself to be present at such ridiculous scenes without feeling the absurdity of them. It is a sad misfortune, that any thing of such great and real importance to mankind as religion, shou'd ever become the favourite study and topic of people whose striking characteristics are ignorance and bigotry: I do not by *ignorance*, mean an immediate want of superficial knowledge of the scriptures and some commentaries on them, but a want of that enlarged and comprehensive idea of humanity in general, and that distinguishing perspicuity of apprehension which gives a proper application to the duties of religion in particular. This true knowledge embraces the whole universe, conceives from the holy writings great and just notions of the Deity and his providence, but does not harp for ever on the very letter of the gospel; nor, by a ridiculous pretence of expounding mysterious expressions, and explaining inexplicable figures, render those things trivial and ridiculous, which ought to be held in reverence, although beyond our apprehension.--- How removed from those are my two good aunts.

Have I not made up now, my Harriet, for the little jocoseness I began with? I think I have hit your taste off exactly.

* * * *

The bait I threw out takes with that villain Edger-ton, as I cou'd wish. He has, by some management or other, become acquainted, thro' the Duncombes, with an old Buckinghamshire 'Squire, rich, and a niece still richer, with no other relations I hear. I believe he managed some how or other to get Mr s. Duncombe acquainted with him——tho' she knows a little of him in the country. But the cream of the jest is, he is vio-
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lently tender to Miss; but tho' I once met them together, cou'd see nothing of it, my gentleman is too cautious for that. He perfectly makes love to the old man, and is hail fellow well met with him — tho' his utmost idea does not seem to reach beyond a horse and a five-bar'd gate. Miss is quite a country piece, but shews forth for a lady of fashion — and thinks she has both taste and wit. Their name is Carter.

I cannot help being so mischievous as to enjoy the idea of Edgerton's most horrid confusion, when I present his wife full to his face — like a basilisk, to kill him with a look! — He is specially deceived by the old madhouse devil, I find, for she informs me, he has called on her three times to know how matters went with his wife, and she told him, worse and worse; at which he cried — “That's right — so much the better.” — There's a dog for you! I meet this wretch dressed out in all the taste of finery, bedeck'd with a chearful countenance, and on every occasion all mirth and vivacity. These men, my Harriet! What are they made of?

But your brother's flame, Miss Greville! I doubt she has lost a good card in him, and is now playing a foolish game to recover herself. She is closely besieged by a young officer in the guards, who seems to make some way in his approaches, and I believe addresses the mother's vanity, as well as the daughter's beauty, else she wou'd scarcely suffer the acquaintance, for they pay his commission and a few debts or so is all his fortune. Woe betide her, if she revenges one man's perfidy by marrying another she knows not!

Well, Harriet, I think I have scribbled you a tolerable letter of nothings, till my paper warns me to conclude it with a something — That I shall ever remain most truly

Yours, &c.

C. HERVEY.

L E T.

LETTER XIII.

MR. EDGERTON TO COLONEL FORRESTER.

I Received your's, and am much obliged to you for your advice—It is seasonable and good. In part I had executed your plan with the old fellow— and shall take care and prosecute the whole scheme. I confess now, that your idea of the case is more accurate than my own. It was with no great difficulty I brought him acquainted again with Mrs. Duncombe; she is an admirable tool to work with, and by flattering her folly I may hope for better success thro' her means than by any twenty women in Chistendont.

The first time the old fellow and his niece dined at her house, I was of the party; she beg'd me to take the lower end of her table, and do the honours to Mr. Carter. I found he was an intolerable glutton, and therefore I took care to supply him well: After dinner I had him to myself, and feeling his pulse as to the bottle, found him as staunch to that as he was to his knife and fork; I push'd the glass briskly to him, till his friendship for me grew pretty warm.

Zounds! Mr. Carter, said I, now such a bottle of claret as this, with a dozen more under the side-board, would make one's soul glad in the country ——— But as for this London! Blood! man, one must only wet our lips here ———

Right, Sir, right; the country is the thing ——— Damn all towns, say I. ——— Arousing wood fire— a bottle of good wine, and no milk-sops— Oh! Lord! oh! Lord! Now-a-days ———

Aye, in troth now-a-days there's no good doings ——— I live mostly in the country, this is such a milk-sop town. ———

I shou'd like you for a neighbour. ——— Where do you live?

In Cumberland lies my estate.

What you're in the Commons, I waunty?

No,

64 THE FAIR AMERICAN.

No, Mr. Carter; two or three boroughs there plague me confoundedly to stand their Parliament-man, but I will be knight of the Shire or nought——Three thousand pounds a year may claim it.

A fine estate that.

I make it a rule to live well——Any man, Mr. Carter, may eat himself to death at my table, and when he is done, swim to heaven in——burgundy and claret.

Good port——good port is passable wine.

True; and I know a tavern here, where is the best in England.——

Do ye?——I shou'd like——

Let's have a dinner at it——no shilley shalley women with us——but eat and drink——Mum's the word——What say ye?——

Adzookers, you're a man after my own soul.——

To-morrow shall be the day.

Let me see: to-morrow——To-morrow I go out of town somewhere.

Where?

Where?——I can hardly tell ye where; 'tis to——let me see, I have it on a card in my pocket——for they have such outlandish names here, that I make Sal write them down, d'ye see me; Oh! here'tis,——To Rome—o and Juliet——Five o' clock in even.

Odds bobs! Mr. Carter, that's the play-house, Satan's school: Do you go there?——

Sal goes——Mrs. Duncombe will have it so.——

Your Sal is a good lass, if London don't spoil her: You shou'd be careful.

A rare girl!——Fifteen hundred a year on day of marriage——A rare girl.

Well married to a *country* gentleman of good estate.—

Aye, you're right; no London gentry for me——

A fellow that can crack a bottle now and then, Mr. Edgerton!——a man of your kidney——(*shaking me by the hand.*)

Have an eye to her here in London, or let me for you——I wou'd not have her come to harm
before

before you get her back again ——— I have an abhorrence of this London.

E'faith you're right ——— This is a damn'd scheme to-morrow night ———

Without some staunch friend of your's with her.

I wish you'd dine with me to-morrow, and go to this Julip affair with her ——— I can trust her to you---

Why; to oblige you---I hate them places, there's no having a bottle at'em; but, however, I will--- You'll do a turn for me another time? ———

Thank ye---thank ye---that I will---will crack a bottle with you at any time.---And Friday for the tavern port~ What say ye?

By all means; I'll call on ye at three o' clock.

Woundly late that.

'Tis so---'Two's a better hour---but this damn'd London.

Aye, two---two.

Horrible stuff this to write you; but as I think you will like to know what sort of a beast I have to deal with, I am sure no description of the animal can give you a stronger idea than the above sketch of his conversation.

The next day I attended Miss to the play.---the youngest Duncombe was to have been of the party, but most dexterously I got Symons to call and order her a ticket for the assembly, with himself to accompany: so I had the angelic creature to myself. She is no bad piece --- tall and well made --- not pretty, but has a good complexion. This is the first time of exhibiting herself at London. She is excessive pert, forward and vain---so a better dupe I cannot wish for.

I am amazed, Miss Carter, that your uncle never brought you to London before; so perfectly qualified as you are to outshine the fairest here! ———

It was very odd, Sir, indeed. I had always a great inclination for polite life.

Swallowed at once, by Heaven! One gulph, and down it went.

F z

Your

Your inclination, Madam, leads you where none can rival you — for greater beauty I never beheld.

You are pleased to compliment me, Sir.

Not a whit, indeed! Heaven preserve my heart while in your company, is all I pray — But alas! my business was almost done at the first glance. You are indeed too fair. — *Kissing her hand with sighs and languishing looks.*

Dear Sir! — Pray — your politeness, Sir —

Mere common civility, Madam, to such beauty as your's — There is a celebrated Opera next Thursday — You doubtless love music?

Infinitely.

I concluded so — because 'tis taste — and people that have not taste, you know, are beings of another world.

To be sure —

Shall I be blessed with attending you?

Perhaps — Why, Sir — My uncle — dear Sir, you cannot think how strange a man he is — he —

Leave that to me, Madam: I will plead for you, and doubt not but I shall prevail.

I shall be vastly obliged to you.

The play passed off without one observation which showed even common sense — She's an errant fool in town. What she may be among the Johns and Jackdaws of the country, I know not. On our return, I crack'd a bottle with the old fellow; who was full of thanks for my taking such good care of his niece.

Zounds, Mr. Carter! she's a tight wench — and will make a good woman — and has good sense too. I really don't think London will hurt *her*.

Don't ye? Mr. Edgerton, don't ye?

Faith I don't. Let her see a little of the town, it won't be amiss — she's prudent — a prudent girl.

Here's to ye. Thank ye for advising me. — The girl shall see the town — I'll go with her to see the lions myself, and then there's —

I'll conduct her. I don't admire women's company --but such a worthy country gentleman as you, Mr. Carter, can do any thing with me.

That's kind, that's kind, Mr. Edgerton.

There's an Opera next Thursday: I shall be engaged, and will give her an hour or two.

She shall go. You're very kind, indeed.

We got half seas over, and parted quite loving friends.

* * * *

Thursday 16th. Nothing was ever half so a-propos: My plague is done with. Heaven rest her soul Amen. So much for her. That hell-hound, Mother Gooch, is the most convenient devil one cou'd ever meet with; but most damnably dear. Too much for the present ebb of my cash; but the worldly-minded jade has got me bound in parchment, hand and feet, witnesses in plenty, money paid and received, and the devil to do. Such another victory, and I am undone! By Heavens! a wife had need bring money, when they cost such a plaguy deal to get rid of! ——— However, this is a wind which wafts a balmy gale of comfort to my soul. Nothing now in the way to stepping into the fifteen hundred per ann: not one penny less wou'd do: I must go into deep mourning for the loss of my deary; and as to other particulars, the management of the funeral, &c. is in mother Gooch, with the necessary parade of all due circumstances both of time and place.

I have been to dine with old Carter: After dinner,

Come, Mr. Edgerton, don't look so grave: Zounds, man! what, for a woman!

Oh! Ridiculous, Mr. Carter: I was a little grieved at a letter I received this morning from my steward in the country: A large barn blown down! ——— A large barn, my friend! A woman! quotha! And this puppy of a fellow writes: Let me see: here, "And to be sure, Sir, I cou'd not help it, all the houses on your honour's estate are in special repair, but accidents will happen, however, one barn on so fine an estate of your Honour's of three thousand a year, is but a trifle."

A

——— A dog! A barn a trifle! This fellow don't know his master! A man that don't value a yard of old thatch upon an old barn, will never increase his fortune. Small matters are of consequence, Mr. Carter!

In good troth, you're right: I like your notions well. Zounds! Mr. Edgerton, you're a thriving man, as one may say.

Pretty warm in the world. Why you must know, Mr. Carter, I paid off a mortgage my fool of a brother left on the estate, else I shou'd have been better off--- but, however, pretty well off---A few India bonds and something in the Bank, But a barn! ———

A matter of consequence. ——— Adzooks, if money must go ——— think of the turtles and turbots, and the bumpers of Burgundy.

Oh! good lord! a barn! a barn!

Oh! a sad loss! But drink ———

Here's to your niece. ——— Egad, if she had two thousand a year contiguous estate, well wooded, in good repair, with a thousand or two ready--- Ha! ha! ha! ——— egad, Mr. Carter, I'd be your nephew! Ha! ha! ha!

By the Lord Harry, I wish you ———

Ha! ha! ha! A random shot! a random shot! Ha! ha! ha!

In good troth. no bad match; for fifteen hundred a year, let me tell you, Mr. Edgerton ———

Oh! a meer joke, Mr. Carter! ——— A mere slight! ——— The claret had got in my head a little ———

The old Bruin snapp'd his eyes over his glass, as if much pleased with the hint. I really believe my plot will succeed. ——— I am interrupted from that damn'd bitch Mother Gooch; a *favour* to beg---confound her to the devil. Adieu, my friend, I designed to have kept this letter a little longer, but as the mail for North America goes out to-night, I am willing to send it, tho' I question whether it will not be there before you.

Your's, &c.

R. EDGERTON.

L E T.

LETTER XIV.

Sir Philip CHETWYN to Colonel FORRESTER.

MY dear Charles, you grow a most insufferably negligent correspondent, which I can scarce forgive, considering how seldom it is that I can possibly hear from you. I suppose you find me such a retired piece, and so sick of the world, that it is high time for the world to be sick of me.—In good troth, I grow more and more in love with retirement—I have a kind of horror at the thoughts of returning into the ridiculous bustle of the world, and verily believe that in this sweet delicious spot, I shall quietly pass the remainder of my unknown, unenvy'd days. 'Cou'd I but make a deeper impression on the heart of the heaven-born Emmera, and bring her to consent to a journey to my father's for one day, just to have the happy knot tied, which wou'd unite us for ever.—Oh! Charles—'tis the only wish of my soul!—But so strangely am I infatuated with my passion, that I dare not mention such a scheme to her—and if I begin to point a conversation towards it, and but hint at the love I bear her, she talks to me in such a heavenly strain of honour, virtue, purity of soul, and the like, as in a few minutes to shut up my mouth and make me swear to say no more. Were it not for this want—this cruel want, I shou'd be happier than your imagination can conceive. How amply are we repaid for the loss of what the world can yield us! No tedious moments of impatient waiting on the numerous phantastic forms and folly of mankind. No hours of pining discontent at the cruel inequality of rank and fortune, which so often imbitters whole lives. No moroseness—no ill humours—no caprice—no regret—no worldly distempers—and to sum up all in one word—No Gold! but all one equal stream of health, chearfulness, serenity, and that true enjoyment of life, unknown in the world—but for which alone I wish to live.

Our

Our happy little farm yields us a constant amusement of a most rational and agreeable kind. I am quite in raptures when my Emmiera and I walk arm in arm, and view the little labours of the day, gilt by the mild beams of a setting sun. That sweet stillness of nature, which ushers in the dewy evening, throws a calm upon the attentive soul, and makes us forget the loss of the departing day. 'Tis then we ramble thro' our pictured fields, and view the outward line of our *domain*, without one sigh to add an acre from our neighbour's soil! 'Tis then we mark the progress of our crops, observe what's wanting in the culture—and see that the kindly influence of good husbandry, does not become the prey of noxious weeds. I know not a more elegant and pleasing sight than rows of vigorous growing vegetables, shooting with blooming healthiness from a soil kept fine and clean: My Emmiera and I can walk thro' all our farm, and scarcely see a weed---if we espy one single intruder, we immediately root him out.---This attention, which habit and the agreeable consequences of it, have rendered pleasing, gives our fields the appearance of a fine and well kept garden: The rows of corn and culinary herbs all thrive in a manner far exceeding whatever I have noticed in common English husbandry: I am unacquainted with all agriculture but what I have practised here, but shou'd imagine, if instruments were contrived to sow the corn with expedition (which would be no difficult matter) this culture must answer on a larger scale: but for our use a small spot yields sufficient, and the labour we bestow on it is infinitely agreeable.---Have you not some idea, my friend of a hale, close-fisted, country milk-maid in England, when I talk of my Emmiera's weeding and hoeing and other laborious employments? Certainly you have---but much are you mistaken---Never was woman of greater delicacy of person than this elegant girl---Not a *fashionable* delicacy, an affectation of brittleness and nicety---but a clear glowing and animated complexion, fine as painting can express, and her hands and arms of the most lovely form and hue I ever beheld---Indeed she has something

something of the woman in her—and being excessive cleanly, extends it to an attentive care of her hands—which show not one tinge of labour. Her person is all native grace and elegance! She moves thro' her own little creation like the queen of grace and beauty, diffusing a fresh vegetation on all the beauties of nature—What rays of grace shoot from each moving limb!—

* * * *

My dear Emmera the other day opened a small and highly valued casket of her late father's, to look for a volume of Plutarch, which she thought might be in it. She found what she sought for, and among other papers a small table-book, written nearly full, in her father's hand. It was entitled, *The Narrative*. She brought it to me directly——“Dear,” said she, “I can't think what this is!—I found it among my father's papers——let us read a little of it.”——I took the book, and turning over a leaf or two——“My dear Emmera, this is certainly a narrative of your father's life, which he has penned himself since his retirement: let us sit down under yon tulip-tree, and I will read it to you.”

“So we will,” replied she:——But considering a minute——and taking it out of my hand——“This will be a great entertainment to us, and we will reserve it for the next *Hermitage Day*.”

Dear Emmera, let us read it now, I am very impatient to know——

So am I; but, with your leave, I will lay it by for the present, and instead of it we will have Plutarch, which we were searching for.

Why shou'd we keep the manuscript till we go again to the Hermitage? I had rather have it now.

Indeed, Mr. Chetwyn, you must learn to make the most of pleasure——my dear father never went to that sweet retirement without enlivening it with something or other which we did not meet with at home: Let us imitate him, and endeavour to render the few days we spend there as pleasing as possible.

But it will be some time before we shall go there.

No

No it won't — Your birth-day, you know, is within a month. This narrative shall be the entertainment of that day.

I acquiesced in her management, tho' a little unwillingly; but there was something so pleasing in her manner of urging it, as was to me irresistible. I wait, therefore, with impatience for my birth-day, that I may again behold that sweet spot, and have my curiosity gratified in reading her father's Narrative: Besides which; I somehow take a little more courage at the hermitage, and consider it, as it really is, the sweetest scene for love the world ever saw, and I think there is an agreeable tenderness in my Emmera when she is there, rather more conspicuous than at other times. — A little of that soft melancholy of soul, which to me, as it appears in her, is Heaven itself.

* * * *

The above was wrote some time ago; but I laid aside the paper till I could finish it with something worth the writing. At last the wished for day arrived; we once more dared to tempt the woody stream which leads unto the Hermitage—that charming reservoir of all that nature in a penfive hour could form most elegant. — Oh! how I hail'd the sweet spot with a strong emotion of heart-felt pleasure! We both of us consider a visit to this enchanting scene as the greatest treat imaginable. — I read her father's Narrative to my Emmera, which, and conversing on it, was the chief business of the day. I have copied it for you, and send it in this packet.

THE
NARRATIVE.

IF several years spent in the most solitary retirement, with scarce any intellectual employment, but that of meditating on a variety of changes of fortune and happiness which chequered the first part of a life spent in the busy world—if years of thoughtfulness have calmed a ruffled soul, surely I may pretend at last *To know myself*. Had Heaven blessed me sooner with this knowledge, the last part of my life would not have been shaded with regretting the follies of the first!

I was the younger son of a gentleman of large estate in Berkshire, and having the misfortune to be beloved by neither my father nor my mother, my education was miserably neglected: I was kept at home for cheapness, and all the instruction I gained from others, was at London of a French dancing-master and a fencing-master. My mother was ashamed I should be seen so much in town with her while I wanted *carriage*, and therefore these honest gentry were sent for to make me fit for company. No cheaper riddance of me offering, my father accepted a cornecy in a regiment of dragoons for me, and I with great pleasure prepared for a life, which would at least take me from the shade of unkind parental brows.

I was eighteen when I became a soldier, and at this distance of time I think I may without vanity assert, that however deficient I was in literature and knowledge, scarce a man in the army had a better figure—a more graceful carriage—or was in a higher degree, what the women of those days called *a fine fellow*. I hesitate not at these expressions, since great reason have I to wish, that instead of beauty, ugliness had been my portion—a humped back and a hobbling gait would have secured me from very poignant miseries!

My regiment was quartered at a city in the west of England, remarkable for very brilliant diversions, when

I was ordered to repair to it. I took leave of my father, mother, and brothers, without feeling any other emotions than those of pleasure; I had a sister whom I tenderly loved: Parting from her gave me as much pain as a youth of my age just entering the world is susceptible of. Full of life and vivacity, I hastened to my quarters; thinking of little else than the agreeable life I should lead in the society of the officers; men in general who understood what I thought pleasure, and practised it. Let me observe, however, that by the word *pleasure*, I meant not then, what I did too soon afterwards. I had an idea of nothing more agreeable than a life of idle but innocent dissipation, dangling after the women, dressing fine, and making a genteel figure at a ball.

I presently became acquainted with several of my brethren, but none among them struck me so much as a young nobleman I shall call Lord L. who had a troop in the regiment. He had a fine person, an agreeable countenance, and a most lively and entertaining wit. We soon became acquainted—and by degrees intimately. He introduced me to the Colonel, who then happened to be present, not as a new officer, but in a friendly style as an acquaintance. He was between thirty and forty, had a gallant appearance, great politeness, and immense fortune. My two new friends I found were addicted to women, and carried this passion to a length, little consistent with that delicacy of manners of which I had an high idea, and which in other points they perfectly well understood. Young, and fond of *pleasure*, as I was, I never thought of seeking it among women, whose rank, manners and carriage seemed to me so utterly to exclude it. Among the ladies I was studious to please, and the idea of an intrigue *there*, with the heart participating, never offended me. — My friends laughed at my nicety — ridiculed my notions, but still were pleased with my company. They liked my conversation, and thought they saw something in me, which, however disguised at present, would one day or other make me an admirable fellow.

With

With different amusements and their company my time passed very agreeably: I took the hint from their conversation (which really was very enlarged, and fraught with excellent knowledge) to improve the fountain of my own, by reading variety of excellent authors with great attention. Lord L. frequently read with me, and on these occasions, I had much reason to admire the man. His learning was extensive——his taste excellent, and his capacity so great, that every thing he read he made more his own than even the authors themselves could boast. I cannot help recollecting a thousand agreeable conversations I had with him of this kind, which threw a lustre on his character that ought to have preserved it from the shade of too nice a life.

The Colonel and my Lord grew more and more pleased with my company, and a million of times ridiculed to me the poverty of ideas, which rendered most of the other officers companions for no man of sense:——and indeed there was some truth in the satire: but they still attacked me on the old point with all the strength of their raillery; threw allurements in my way, and would have thought me an angel of light, had I been as debauched as themselves. However, I answered their arguments,——laugh'd in my turn——and was proof against the artificial smiles of despicable women. This general turn of life lasted above two years, without their ever having caught me tripping, save once, which was matter of no small exultation; in defence of myself I must relate the adventure.

The Colonel having requested my company, with Lord L's, for a month at his seat in Shropshire, I accordingly attended him: and in a more brilliant taste no man could live. His house, or rather palace, was magnificent and most sumptuously furnished; his attendants numerous and admirably appointed: his parks, plantations, woods, groves, gardens, temples, &c. &c. all in a noble taste, holding forth to the admiring eye every thing that elegance could render pleasing. The Colonel was the most luxurious man, I believe, of the
age

age he lived in — this magnificence, therefore, was not vanity in him, but his real taste.

One evening after some company had left him, he told my Lord and I, that he intended supping at the hermitage, having an inclination to spend the evening quite in retirement — to which we assenting, he gave orders for supper being served there. It was a walk of some distance thro' his plantations, and winding in several thick groves, which at last brought us to a little building like a gardener's tool-house; we entered a dismal hole, and going thro' a small dark passage, the Colonel unlock'd the door which opened into a small, neat room; out of which we entered his hermitage — one of the most elegant saloons I ever beheld, lighted up by a most brilliant chandelier. The room was very large, of the justest proportion, with such voluptuous princely furniture, that imagination cannot conceive a more charming sight, than the first entrance from a dismal, dark hole, into a room so wonderfully elegant. The hangings were of the finest Indian silk, the sofas the same; the carpet the most beautiful figured velvet I ever beheld: the paintings exquisite beyond all idea, originals of Titian and Coreggio, mostly Venues. The chimney-piece in the lightest and most airy taste that fancy can imagine. In short, every thing which the most luxurious imagination could think of employing to adorn a room, and render it beyond all comparison delightful, was here lavished with an unsparing but judicious hand.

Is this your *hermitage*, Colonel?

Why, Sir, we give it different names — The hermitage — The Temple of Venus — The Saloon of Apollo — or what you will.

A most angelic temple!

I mean it as a room sacred to friendship — No common visitant ever comes near it — and I never yet had a larger party in it than three. If elegant proportions, gay and chearful furniture, and a brilliancy of the tout ensemble around one, can have a pleasing effect on the mind, I think in this room we should be chearful
and

and lively. The design of it is fully answered I assure you, Sir, if you find yourself *pleased* in it.

After conversing some time on the paintings and the art in general, the Colonel asked if supper would be agreeable? Lord L. replied, "Very much so, but such a room was too delicate for meals, and he did not think it good management to have them in it."—"There is no objection in that, my Lord, replied the Colonel, as you shall see——

He shoved two sofa's into the middle of the room, "Come, gentlemen, please to be seated"——and pressing with his foot on the floor——the carpet divided; the floor opened; and up sprung a table in an instant before us——covered with a cold collation, the most elegantly set out that can be conceived, with every thing we could want (instead of waiters) disposed in little pyramids, arches, temples, &c.——the whole in a picturesque and most pleasing taste. When our repast was finished——the Colonel with a touch of his foot sunk the table, and immediately a second arose covered with a dessert, and wines of the most exquisite sort. Our conversation received a poignancy from the enchantment of our situation, and the sparkling glasses just contributed in an agreeable manner to enliven our ideas. All was festive gaiety of soul, and every thought breathed nothing but ease and good humour. In the midst of our converse of life and vivacity, a few melting strains of soft music came quivering upon our listening ears. The sound by slow degrees grew louder, till a whole band of instruments, unseen, lul'd our very souls to Heaven with the divine enchanting breath of more than mortal harmony. The dying, trembling sounds came floating on melodious wings, and in soft ravishment enchain'd our waken'd senses. Good Heaven! what notes! Methinks they vibrate yet upon my ear, and sink into the soul! While all our senses were near lost in hearing, one side of the room, without the least appearance of any change, began to rise from the ground like the curtain of a theatre; the music continuing with the most voluptuous, melting strains: It

was some minutes before what I thought the wall, entirely disappeared — and the sight which then struck my astonished eyes, is what fancy can scarcely conceive, much less can words describe. — The room became of double its former size, and the whole side against us, which now appeared, presented one prodigious view of gorgeous radiance, the whole sparkling with an amazing profusion of precious stones. Full in the middle was raised a sofa of shining silk, beset with jewels — the back a peacock's-tail dazzling with the same — and over the whole, a canopy of brilliant tissue all mosaic'd with diamonds; the throne whereon the sofa rested, and steps which led unto it, appeared of burnished gold. Upon the sofa lay, at her full length in a reclining posture, her head resting upon her hand, a bewitching girl, with no cloathing to conceal her naked beauties, save a black velvet collar on her neck studded with diamonds. Jove! what a sight was this! more dazzling than all the radiant brightness that shone around her! This part of the scene which struck my ravish'd soul, and quite overpower'd the heavenly music yet playing to our now inattentive ears, was half inclosed in a circular range of most splendid Corinthian pillars of shining gold, all entwin'd with wreaths of diamonds. On each side the semicircular range two projecting columns appeared in front, and then two scopa's, one on either side, the backs and canopies shining with jewels — splendid and elegant beyond imagination — inferior only to the middle — On each a goddess lay, displaying to the gazing eye the snowy tints of Nature's happiest painting. The light which glitter'd in all this blaze of glorious brightness, came darting with enlivening rays from the night's starry pavement — for so appeared the ceiling; all bright suns besprinkled o'er a dusky mantle, shining with lustre on a world of glory.

So noble and brilliant a sight had never enter'd my fancy in its warmest hour, much less had I ever beheld any thing equal to it. The immense profusion of jewels struck me with astonishment. The whole was one continued blaze of all that the most glowing imagination

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on can conceive most magnificently elegant. The music dying away to a pause, the Venus of the middle sofa — raising herself a little, and looking with a smile towards us — began a song with a most syren like melodious pipe, accompanied by the unseen instruments in the happiest manner: The other two joined in chorus with her to the words of *Come, and partake the joys of love*, warbling together in such exquisitely touching strains of melting harmony, that no soul but one of adamant cou'd have been proof against such an assemblage of the beautiful, acting in one moment with more than human force upon his attentive senses.

The Colonel making me a significant bow, and pointing to the middle sofa, filed off to that on the left side — my Lord did the same to the right, and I with the steps of speed took the hint in an instant. I was no sooner on the steps which led to the sofa, but a new enchantment took place — The whole canopy, sofa, steps, &c. were in the twinkling of an eye enclosed with a new wall of burnish'd pillars, glittering with jewels — and formed a most elegant and complete room lighted up by a chandelier, one blaze of diamonds. This was my bed-chamber — and here — But let me drop the curtain of oblivion; nor ever more retain one trace in my remembrance that this was once reality. —

In the morning, when I opened the door to leave the scene of my delusion, I took one step, and found myself between two clipt hedges in a garden — “Heaven! thought I; magic again! — but I will mark this door.” — I turned myself around, and found the hedge behind me, nor the least sign of any door. — I followed the path, which thro' winding mazes brought me at last to a part of the garden I remembered. — Lord L. afterwards informed me, that he had twice before sacrificed to Venus in this bewitching temple, and contrary to his utmost endeavour, both the last times deceived in his attempts to discover where it was — So well as he knew the gardens

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dens and buildings in them, he never cou'd fix on one with any certainty for the Temple of Venus.

Thus have I drawn myself in to make a recital of an adventure so little to my honour ——— but the excuse of the greatness of the temptation to a young man in the fire of youth, will, I doubt not, plead sufficiently in my behalf; especially as neither the luxurious Colonel, nor his Lordship, with all their raillery, cou'd ever change my taste so greatly, as to make me relish or pursue a life in that respect like theirs.

Our friendship, however, continued to unite us closely. It is too often the case, that agreeable qualities of the heart make amends for that steady virtue of the soul which ought ever to form the strongest links of friendship; the easy, chearful and entertaining companion pleases more than the determined adherent to reason, virtue and religion. I always admired these men, because they were constantly agreeable, and perhaps above all, because they ever were pleased with me. This is the nature of the human mind, but it is the source of fatal errors.

Among the parties of pleasure in which Lord L. the Colonel and myself were frequently engaged, and which many of the chief inhabitants of the city and neighbouring gentry often formed for our amusement ——— or rather for the amusement of themselves, in the gratification of their *taste* for lively and polite company. In one of these parties, I accidentally became slightly acquainted with a young lady, the daughter of a gentleman of small estate in the neighbourhood. I shall here distinguish her by her own name of Charlotte. The first or second time I met her she scarcely attracted my notice ——— afterwards I had some trifling conversation with her ——— I thought her lively and agreeable, and frequently address'd myself to her ——— Her agreeableness encreased upon me ——— I thought her wit was delicate and refined ——— and her conversation, when of the graver kind, abounded in remarks worthy of more than common notice; I had scarce examined her person, fully persuaded that nothing less than un-
common

common beauty would make a conquest of my heart--this piece of vanity arose from the attention I met with among the sex in general-----I was then in the vigour of youth-----and having a person which was a recommendation to women's company, I met with a degree of easy yielding politeness which gave me an idea of having no great difficulty in taking a large range, and chusing at pleasure.

I thought this lady's conversation so agreeable, that I took a careless examination of her face and person--her countenance was animated and pleasing; her features regular and agreeable; her person easy and elegant-----Zounds, thought I, I have attended to this girl's mind-----and her body's worth attention. I press'd her on the side of gallantry; and her replies were witty-----and sometimes sarcastical; but mixed with an agreeable tenderness of manner which gave me hope. I attacked her vigorously, but the company was too large for me to judge of future success. I engaged her for a ball appointed the week following, and was pleased to find her dancing remarkably graceful. I took this opportunity of private conversation in the midst of music, dancing and dress, vivacity and liveliness, to besiege her heart with all the address and skill my inclination could afford me. I spoke to her in the warmest terms of tenderness and love; protested the strength of my passion-----and ply'd her with all that can move a female mind to love. Her wit parry'd my attacks, but shewed me by a thousand little touches *of the woman*, that my importunity was not disagreeable to her. We parted highly satisfied with each other, and were mutually well assured, that another speedy meeting would be very agreeable.

My friends Lord L. and the Colonel rallied me on my new amour; complimented me on my taste-----but pour'd forth millions of satirical warnings against my being *trammell'd*, as they term'd it: swore I should deserve every horror that could attend a *catch*, if I was chous'd by a girl not worth a thousand pounds. I was too strongly confirmed in my idea of the ruin attending

a marriage without a vast increase of fortune, to fear in the least being so taken in; but I began to like the girl, and I had a great notion of her liking me.

Successive meetings forwarded the matter, and I found myself by degrees deeply in love with her—Her affection for me also was no longer doubtful; and we enjoyed in our mutual passion infinite happiness—Her father, with ridiculous inattention, omitted ever taking notice of my connection with his daughter, but complimented me with invitations to his house—he either did not see it, being no bright man, or if he did, had no objection to his daughter's making a catch of me. This fatal imprudence gave me all the opportunities of seeing my Charlotte I could wish;—and as a lively, witty freedom began our intercourse, and continued briskly during the first part of it—so the latter sentimental part of our passion was not so free from it as if no such foundation had been laid.—This introduced a familiarity of behaviour which occasioned my taking some liberties, the tendency of which might be easily guessed: and ended in our indulging our passion to excess.

Enjoyment did not in the least abate the violent passion I entertained for this agreeable young creature; but it was the source of a thousand pangs, till then unfelt in my breast: The alarm, fear and horror which filled her mind, communicated their influence to mine, and made me wretched at the thought of the evils which awaited the idol of my soul. She grew extremely miserable, but never once mentioned marriage, a delicacy I could not but admire. It is impossible to express the racking perplexity that prey'd upon my soul on the unhappy situation of my Charlotte, and the former firm resolution I had taken never to incur myself with a wife: all the motives that could inspire that resolution were fresh in my memory, but the wretchedness of my Charlotte pleaded powerfully against them, and raised a miserable conflict within me. But the lovely maid, so amiable in her distress, so delicate, so uncomplaining in her behaviour; moved all that was

was tender in me, and I began to waver in my resolutions, and thought of the infamy of abandoning her.

I fancy my two friends suspected the state of the case, and seemed to doubt of my resolutions. Lord L. took more than common pains to persuade me not to think of a marriage which must inevitably be my ruin; hinted even——“that while Charlotte was a mere mistress, he shou’d be entirely silent, but cou’d not be so when I thought of undoing myself; and with a woman too, that——” and hesitating——“She will do for an intrigue—but——for Heaven’s sake—never think of a marriage so highly—I cannot speak—but surely you may understand me.”——My Lord’s mysterious manner amaz’d me for some minutes; but my love moving within my soul with tenderness at the very idea of her I lov’d, almost burst into rage at the most distant hint against the woman so deeply rooted in my heart. There was something in his manner, which insinuated infinitely more than he spoke; which alarmed me for a moment, but afterwards vanished, in my opinion, into mere malevolence, or what I thought, a ridiculous solicitude in his Lordship to have me of the same libertine principles as himself. I treated his insinuation with contempt, and was on the verge of a quarrel; but he left me, saying——“the day wou’d come when I shou’d repent my damn’d infatuation.”——

The Colonel’s ridicule soon followed, and these obstacles to my faint designs, became incentives to quicken the intention: I almost determined to marry a woman who became every day dearer to me—and whose constant conduct in so delicate a situation—so open to every breath of indiscretion gave me a great opinion of her temper and understanding. So much mildness in her manner—such a total reliance on my generosity—such misery of soul, yet so silent in her reproaches!——I cou’d not but love a woman in every respect so worthy of my admiration.

By degrees I forgot the reasons once so urgent, which made me resolve against marrying: I reconciled the contrary conduct to my mind, thro’ the deceitful influence

ence of my heart, and the conclusion of all was an open assurance to my Charlotte, that on the first day she named I would publickly make her mine; desiring her to break the matter to her father in the manner she thought most proper. I abhor'd the idea of a private marriage, or it would have been the most prudent step by far, as I might be certain, without the shadow of a doubt, that when it came to the ears of my haughty father, his anger would be extreme. But love at that time possessed my whole soul, and in such a situation, it would have been exceeding wonderful had I listened to any dictates but those of passion alone.

My Charlotte was not backward in expressions of the warmest gratitude to me on my mentioning the design --- turning it on the unusual generosity of acting so to a woman that had yielded up herself without suspicions, to love alone. We were soon joined for ever, and the calm enjoyment of our now regular passion was not inferior to the first warmth of novelty. ——— This happiness was not much alloyed by a most enraged letter I received from my father, with an immediate stoppage of a quarterly allowance I received from him --- nor by the coldness of my two friends, the Colonel and Lord L. since these consequences were such, as I well knew would infallibly happen.

But it was with no small degree of surprize, that in a few weeks I perceived something in my wife which looked a little like a change in that assiduous affection with which she always treated me --- Beyond all doubt a change happened before I saw it; for so intoxicated was I with the full draught I drank of love, that I was blind to what must have been visible enough. I saw a coldness in her which astonished me, and struck daggers to my soul. Heavens! thought I; this is the treacherous delusion of my jealous fancy; it cannot be: I must be mistaken ——— I will not think it thus: ——— Still my suspicions remained --- I even thought it so striking, that I one day mentioned it to her; with all the tenderness, however, imaginable. She received it with great agitation; seemed shocked at my suspicions; and appeared

peared really miserable that I shou'd, for one moment entertain an idea so injurious to her. I could not disbelieve her—the spoke with an air of genuine truth, and with all the endearing tokens of that love I thought fled for ever—I put most religious confidence in every syllable, and condemned the imprudent, unjust suspicions I had harboured against the idol of my soul.—All my fears were effaced, and once more I tasted conjugal felicity.

There is no state in life, in which, sooner or later, the damnable affairs of money will not interfere, and throw its horrid spokes in every wheel of life. I had nothing to subsist on but my pay——no allowance from my father——no fortune with my wife, and what was worse than all, not a few creditors at the time of my marriage, who were not lessened on that account. I never gave any attention to money matter——was a man of but very little expence myself; but negligence is as ruinous as extravagance——I was perplexed with these crabbed affairs, so contrary to every thing I could endure——I gave every one good words, promises and persuasions; but they dunned me for securities, a confounded commodity I cou'd not deal in, for I had ever a mortal aversion to puchment.——This was the life I led with these mushrooms of my own imprudence; until an accident stopped their voracious mouths for a time. My elder brother died, and left me the heir of a considerable estate; and what was as good as the rent-roll itself, considering the terms I was on with my father, was its being settled.——My creditors were silent the moment they knew me to be the undoubted heir.

Once more, being eased from the load of perpetual uneasiness, I enjoyed myself in the possession of all earthly happiness—for so I found my wife grew more and more to me.——My passion for her increased with the numerous traits of an elegant mind, which unfolded themselves by degrees to my enraptured view; and rendered me a truly happy man. Above a twelvemonth passed without my scarcely knowing what a wretched

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reflection was. My Charlotte eased all my little griefs, by dividing them with me; and by the infinite agreeableness of her temper, turned them into tranquillity itself. She reconciled me to the Colonel and Lord L. and seemed to know no joy but what arose from my happiness.

Our regiment received orders to march from the city where it then was quartered, to a sea-port town at some distance: This was an unlucky stroke to me, as it removed me from the company of a great number of acquaintance, and from the neighbourhood of my wife's father. The old man desired I would leave his daughter with him till I was a little settled at my new quarters; and my Charlotte appearing not to dislike the scheme, I agreed to it at once. The evening before the regiment left the city, an elegant ball was given by the officers as a trifling acknowledgment for the civilities received in the place. After some dances with a lady of the city, the Colonel stood up too with my wife; and myself not being engaged with any partner, could not help observing a little freedom in the Colonel's carriage towards her, which, trifling as it was, astonished me. — Without appearing to take the least notice, I watched them with the most jealous attention — What poison dropt to my very soul! — I thought I saw a familiarity that struck me dumb — I doubted — I should have ventured to disbelieve the evidence of my senses, but I clearly perceived a caution lest I should see them. We were to march the next morning: the night was a night of horror to me — I rose early, and taking leave of my wife and her father, set off with the corps — The Colonel did not lead us — he staid behind. — This awakened my jealousy — I was stung to the heart at the very idea of what *might* be contriving against me. — My mind was all horror at the faintest trace of such a notion. I suddenly determined to return to my wife without hardly knowing why or wherefore — I made an excuse to the officers for so immediate a return, and posted back again from the second stage. I rode directly to her father's house — hung

—hung my horse at the gate—and walked in—
 I met my wife's maid in the hall—I asked her where
 her mistress was—she coloured and hesitated for an
 answer.—The old man came in—started infinitely
 at seeing me. “Where is my wife?” said I—but
 without waiting for an answer, walked to the stair-case,
 and was going up; but he fixed himself in my way,
 and would have prevented me. My heart and soul
 boiled within me; I push'd him aside, and running
 softly up, went directly to her bed-chamber door. I
 opened it with trembling hands; and, good Heaven!
 what was the sight which then flew, wing'd with hor-
 ror, to my inmost soul! The Colonel almost in the act
 of my dishonour.——I could not speak—I could scarce
 breathe for terror. I whipt out my sword—“Draw,
 villain!”—He ran to his, and putting himself in a
 fighting posture, I attacked him with fury: after some
 irregular lunges, which he parry'd with the same con-
 fusion they were directed, I made a pass at his heart,
 and ran him thro' the side. He fell at the feet of my
 devil, who brazened it out with a degree of impudence,
 to me incredible.—I laid my hand on a pistol which
 I saw on the table, and was within an ace of sending
 her to her kindred hell—but a second thought prevented
 my being guilty of so cowardly an action: I therefore
 left the room, and running wildly down stairs, flew to
 my horse, and rode off to the regiment immediately.—
 I staid scarce a quarter of an hour at the inn, took
 from my baggage my papers, and what little cash I had
 by me, and mounting again, rode directly to the sea-
 side. The most violent whirlwinds on that boisterous
 element were calmness itself to the storms of passion
 that agitated my soul.——I went on board a ship
 just setting sail for Dublin, where I no sooner arrived,
 than I again set sail in another for France, and after a
 quick voyage entered the port of Nantes.

It wou'd be in vain to attempt to express the horrid
 state of my mind, from the moment of being convinced
 that my jealousy was so well grounded—it was a
 strange mixture of hatred, love, revenge, tenderness,
 and

and all the most opposite passions the human soul can become a prey to. To be *so* awakened from the delicious dream of love, in which I long had been so happy--- to be plunged at once into the very abyss of misery and despair. To be deceived---so miserably deceived, in a woman that possessed my whole soul---Oh! God! with what burning anguish did I call on Heaven to end my days and sorrow at once: and had not a strong idea of the cowardly wickedness of the action withheld me, I shou'd have put an end to a life so peculiarly wretched. I wrote immediately to Lord L. to beg of him some information, expressing great concern that a man, who pretended to be my friend, shou'd behave so exceeding infamously as to draw on such a fatal accident. His answer to my letter was not delaycd--- He opened a scene of horror, of which I had no conception. He told me, that it was only my own infinite hot-headed imprudence that plung'd me into a marriage so injurious to my honour: That my wife was known by some few in private to be of a very free turn of behaviour; that she had had several amours with the men he knew--- and among others the Colonel. That I might remember the advice he gave me, and how warm I was on the least hint being dropped against her--- That he shou'd have proceeded in laying open her character to me, but was to well assured my heat was such, that I shou'd challenge the nearest friend before he got half thro' the recital. That the Colonel urged him strongly to it, and swore that he wou'd continue to treat her as his mistress, that an absurd fellow shou'd not spoil sport by so damnable a marriage.---All this passed, but I was so strangely hot and infatuated, that no soul wou'd venture their lives to undeceive so rash a man; especially as they did not believe it cou'd possibly end so ridiculously as in marriage. He concluded with telling me, the Colonel was not dead, but dangerously wounded; that my wife poured forth perpetual execrations at my very name, and detested me for a fool, and the murderer of a man she loved. ---

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Every line spoke daggers to my soul—Vile and contemptible as this worthless woman now appeared—I could not cease loving her———In the midst of all the detestation in which I held her, my infatuation was so great, that I regretted the moments of soft delusion I had passed with her, and cursed my hard fate to think that so foul a mind should lodge within a form so fair to my destruction.

So desperate was the situation of my soul, that I scarce thought of maintaining my body; I soon fell into poverty almost extreme; and had it not been for a small remittance or two from England, should, literally speaking, have been starved. I laboured some time for my bread, and could scarce earn it. I made my way to Paris—discovered myself to the secretary of the embassy, who was distantly known to my father; he was kind enough to lend me a sum of money, with which I subsisted some time—I received another assistance from Lord L. he managed so well as to sell my commission, and remitted me the money, but said nothing of the Colonel or my wife.

This sum, considerable in my present situation, placed me above actual want, but was no balm to the torturing poison that preyed upon my very vitals; it allowed me more time for thought than my state of poverty; and of all the miserable moments I passed, those in which I thought the least were by much the best. I felt strongly the necessity of some employment or scenes of variety to catch my attention, and break the wretchedness of my reflections—Nothing offered to me equal to the idea of a sea-voyage: I went into Holland, and agreed with an East India Captain for being carried to St. Helena, where I purposed waiting till an English ship should pass that way, when I designed proceeding to the East Indies. I accordingly executed my plan; and found the bustle of a large ship some relief to the perpetual stretch of reflection in which my mind was so often rack'd.—I learnt of the Captain to play at chess, and never found any thing caught my attention more, or contributed in a greater degree to banish reflection from my mind.

I took a small house on the island, and attempted all I could to become gay and dissipated: I reasoned with myself on the absurdity of loving so violently a woman so palpably unworthy of all attention. Time and habit, by degrees, wore off the edge of my sorrow, and I began to forget grief which reason would not sanctify: I lived in a lively, agreeable manner on the island, till an English Indianman arrived, and then going on board began my voyage for Bengal. The scheme did not answer my expectations, the climate and inhabitants equally disagreeable; without meeting with many of those natural curiosities which answer so greatly to a man of true taste and reflection. I was soon sick of the country, and having resided in it a twelve-month, was very glad of an opportunity to re embark for my native country, tolerably cured of my unhappy infatuation, and relying pretty steadily on my resolution never more to have any other sentiments of my wife than those of the most mortal contempt. I arrived in England, and there found fresh scenes to exercise a wounded mind, scarce cured of former sorrows.

I made immediate enquiries after the Colonel, remaining myself in disguise I was informed he was alive and well.—I asked concerning my wife, and heard she was dead;—horribly dead—by the hands of the publick executioner!—Rest her soul in peace, and be her crimes forgot!—

I presently understood that my father was lately dead. Notwithstanding his ill treatment of me, the unexpected stroke affected me greatly; his faults were buried with him, his good qualities remained fresh in my memory. By his death I became entitled to the family estate, no inconsiderable one—But how great was my astonishment, when I understood that it was divided among my three sisters, by a will of my father's, which took no notice of me or my rights; and that their husbands had accordingly taken possession of their respective shares—I was presently beset with creditors, open-mouthed, and breathing nothing but arrests, goals, and dungeons. I demonstrated to them, that I was kept out of a noble fortune, either by mere vil-

villainy or ignorance; but that I should presently shew them how insignificant such wills would prove in contradiction to former settlements.

I applied immediately to counsel——stated the case——displayed my right, and demanded their opinion.—Clear as the sun, in my favour!—The allegations in the will false and ridiculous——and the seizing the estate so contrary to all law, that a suit would speedily be decisive in my favour. Urged by so strong motives and such great authority, I determined without hesitation to assert my right, and a suit was commenced accordingly.

Three tedious years did this law suit last with great violence, or in other words as long as I was able, by all the scraping, borrowing, tearing methods, to supply my harpies with the annual sums necessary to carry it on. When I could no longer raise a penny, and a fresh matter was to be pushed——my gentry, discovering the lowness of my purse, declared I was ruined if I finch'd, that I must proceed, or I would be thrown.——Every thing was vain; I could have raised mountains as soon as cash, and my suit and purse beat time so exactly together, that very soon after my declaration of my poverty, the final trial came on, and I was worsted. Well knowing how fatally destructive such a stroke must prove to me, I immediately retired to a cheap and distant part of the town, and took a lodging for a week, just to gain time to consider what must be my plan.

Never mortal, I believe, was more cruelly persecuted by fortune than myself.——Married young to a woman, the very idol of my soul, and living with her for a short time in a state of more than human happiness, then plung'd at once into ten-fold misery, and heart-cutting despair——involved in debts, and persecuted with the perpetual dunning of creditors——then set free from those mean and degrading shackles to an honest mind, by the certain inheritance of an estate of sixteen hundred pounds a year——lastly, deprived of every hope of that noble resource, and again
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sunk into the very abyss of wretchedness, misery and poverty.

My contemplations of futurity, however, were soon interrupted — I was smelt out by one of my creditors, a tradesman, and on the brink of a prison, when, on representing my miserable case to him, the man had the reason and humanity to leave me to myself in expectation of my one time or other meeting with better days, and promised to discover me to nobody. I was lucky in this escape, which gave me spirits, like my other painted vapours, only to render the general darkness of my life more terribly black. In three days afterwards I was arrested by the attorney that had partly managed my suit, and thrown into a goal. I would omit the whole scene of wretchedness which I here endured, had not some slight circumstances happened a little worthy of remembrance. I presently received a letter from my wife, full of the most bitter invectives — the most cutting sneers and raillery — and the most diabolical reproaches and contempt — I troubled myself so little about her, that her letter gave me no other uneasiness than reviving in my sorrow-beaten mind the idea of times once so pleasing. Good Heaven! what a change! I may truly say that the afflictions of my present situation were such as exceeded all hope of remedy. Such a load of grief — such an oppression, gripping poverty, bowed down my very soul, that but few ideas remained to convince me my mind was once filled with more enlarged conceptions.

Among my brethren in misery was a middle aged man, who, to all appearance, had been long in the lowest poverty — yet his countenance was remarkably lively, and his complexion ruddy and wholesome he seldom spoke — but seemed perpetually lost in the deepest reverie — Accident had occasioned a few slight passing words between us, which struck me greatly from the striking propriety of their import, and the wonderful elegance of his expression. Attracted by circumstances so little expected, I made it my business to enter into conversation with him the first time a tolerable
 oppor-

opportunity offered.——This was not easily gained; for a man of so few words spoke none in vain.——There was an *expression* in his physiognomy which greatly commanded my attention, silent as he was; observing him particularly grave, I watched him attentively; but remarked no other signs of grief escape him than taking from out of his tatter'd pocket a small shagreen case, which he opened and looked at with the utmost attention, frequently turning up his eyes to Heaven with a most languishing aspect.

“Heavens! Sir,” said I, addressing him, “is not this place wretched enough, but must the unhappiness of a man of your understanding be added to by a woman; for of such I suppose is that picture?”

“A woman!” replied the stranger, “Why art thou so little acquainted with the human heart, as not to know, at your years, the power of that sex! Your sensibility or attention must have been weak indeed.——

My sensibility has been too great for my heart's repose—but I had an idea of a firmer mind in you. But before I make that judgment, I should see the strength of the temptation. May I beg a look at that picture?”

He looked at me with some surprise—but, however, shewed it to me. Good Heaven! what was my amazement to behold my wife——exact as life!——’twas she herself——A sweet, placid smile upon her countenance, which seemed angelic to the view——such as once I had known——but now——Oh! my soul no such looks for me!——I started at the sight—and rivetting my eyes upon the picture, was motionless and silent.——I felt a tear trickle from my eye——I was ashamed of my weakness.

“What do I see?” cried the stranger,——“You know her.”——

Know her!——Just Heavens!——

Her divine beauty has made ——

Divine!——Call it by some other name, I pray you —— Her ——

Her ten thousand times more than divine beauty —— Her ——

And

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And pray, Sir, how long may it be since her divine beauty made a conquest of you?

Some years.

Excuse the impertinence of a stranger's questions—but I am so fatally concerned, that I cannot avoid these enquiries. Was your intimacy with her before she married?

Ah! that cruel marriage!

She had encouraged your addresses before then?

No---no-- I knew nothing of her being married. Her husband, like a damn'd fool, was gone, Heaven knows where, and left her in the hands of a vile father to turn her to his profit, had not her virtue-----

Ha! --- What? ----- Proceed.

Had not her virtue, like the uncreated essence of divinity itself, withstood temptation almost above the power of woman.

Withstood it?

Sure I spoke plain.

But when she knew herself married, how came she to encourage you? How came you in love with her?

Her vile father made a tool of me, as he had done of others--kept me from speaking to his daughter till I was mad with love --gave me the view of her day after day, till I came into all his terms; but when I spoke to the dear angel-----

Well--what then?

When I first breath'd out my soul -----

She immediately-----

Aye; she immediately spurn'd me from her-----

What! --- refused your addresses? -----

With horror.-----Talked of her situation--and with high words of an ambiguous import, forbid me ever seeing her again.

Very strange!

To me, it seemed so ----- but I attributed it to maiden bashfulness, and determined not at once to be rejected.

Then you attacked her once more-----

I did. But she received me with ten times more scorn than before——and would not hear a syllable I had to say for myself——She appeared more beautiful than ever——I grew more and more in love with her.

You amaze me!

Amaze you!——Why so?

I beg pardon. Proceed.

So much was I in love, so deeply smitten, that I could not desist: I still returned and named again my passion.

She then was overcome?

Oh! no—you know her not.—Honourable as were my designs—her purity of soul was of such divine original—so uncommon in her sex—so worthy of my love—the rejected the very idea of my suit—and as it were accidentally named her husband——

She had never named him then before?

Never. She fully supposed my design was dishonourable—and had no conception of my not knowing she was married.

How unaccountable was your ignorance!

The ten-fold villainy of her father, whom I take to be the most diabolical fellow in Europe, occasioned it ---I was thunder-struck on hearing her name her husband, and retired loaded with shame, to vent myself on the vile father---It was with some difficulty I kept my hands from him, but the artful, specious dog knows how to gloss over the very devil.

Was this the end of your amour?

Would to Heaven it was! No; my breast must ever carry so deep a wound; for ever must I regret the misery of loving to distraction another man's wife—and, strange to me, the wife of a man who loves her not!

But how came you by that knowledge?

I was too much in love to forget in one moment the cause of my misery---It was very natural to enquire, if so enchanting a creature was the wife of another man, how he could be so careless of such a treasure.

And you was informed——

A strange transaction was mentioned in a mysterious manner to me, of which I cou'd not at first gain a clear idea.—

A strange transaction! What can you mean, Sir? You——

Very strange it appeared to me---The vile father, as nearly as I cou'd form any apprehension of it, laid a detestable scheme——

Heavens and earth!———What?

You are nearly concerned in this family, surely?---The circumstances I mention make more impresson on you than I cou'd wish---

Concerned I am---but of that no more, Sir-----I beg you will proceed.

There was an officer in the army (as my information ran) of immense riches, who taking notice of the daughter, the father fixed his eyes with rapacious attention on him, as a most desirable prey to his avarice: But his daughter's husband being a strong bar to his project, he laid a plot to gull both officer and husband. He contrived by several unseen, trifling circumstances, to render the latter jealous of his wife, and bringing her and the officer often together, managed to raise in him a violent passion. It may easily be supposed such a man was of most debauched principles, which was certainly the case, inasmuch that, as my information ran, the lady's father was a constant procurer to him even in his own house, and at the very time the profligate wretch pretended such love for his daughter. In one of these scenes of iniquity, the subtle father, with infinite dexterity, managed that his son-in-law shou'd, in one of his jealous fits, catch the officer and a girl, with all possible circumstances, to deceive him into a belief---

Oh! say no more! Speak not daggers to my soul! Miserable wretch that I am!---I am that fool---that deluded husband---Oh h---

Art thou the man?

Yes-----I am he-----the gull of that vile father-----

I am in astonishment. Have you not discovered the deceit yourself?

Never. I swallowed the whole trick, and in a fury of jealousy ran that officer you mentioned thro' the body.

I was going to mention that circumstance.

But art thou sure of the truth of this tale? — On recollection, I had most manifest reason for my suspicions —

Too sure I am of all I've said — and with such art have your enemies laid their snares to keep you in ignorance of the real truth, that you have, I doubt not, and will receive proofs sufficient to continue your delusion.

Proofs! — I have a letter now in my pocket, which I received from my wife since here I've been, full of opprobrious language — and invective ridicule.

Forgery plain enough.

For what purpose can such a letter be forged?

Heavens, Sir! you are infatuated yet. You know not the value of such a woman — and treat her accordingly. That villainous officer, full of riches to bribe the father, keeps your wife I fear — a prisoner —

Heavens! What do you mean?

Mean? — Why it is by no other plan that he can command the enjoyment of her.

I can scarce believe this complicated affair shou'd be thus managed, and especially as an intimate friend of mine in a letter I received from him while abroad —

Lord L. you mean —

What might you hear of him?

All the circumstances of the affair are not clear in my memory now, but I remember very well that he was named as an intimate of the officer's, who assisted him in deceiving you. Some particulars were named to me which wou'd bear no doubt.

It is impossible I can doubt how miserably I have been deceived. Oh, Sir! you know not with what excess of love I priz'd that peerless woman — with what extravagance of sorrow I have regretted the fatal loss — until deluded by such vile machinations I gave full credit to all their plots of horror.

Let me congratulate you, Sir, on the virtue of your wife—Assure yourself that she is untainted in her mind as purity itself—take the first opportunity to——

Alas! What opportunity to a prisoner, shut up from all converse with mankind, loaded with debts, ruin and destruction. How can I regain the possession even of a wife dearly loved——but——poison to my soul!——lost for ever——

This stranger, in whom something appeared to merit my esteem, was released from prison through the long-delayed generosity of a relation: his enlargement was a heavy loss to me, as I conversed with him alone——and met with a sadly pleasing kind of melancholy in the reciprocal communication of our ideas. He left me the most miserable of all mankind; bowed down under the intolerable load of cutting self-reproaches—which dropp'd anguish like melting lead into my heart's inmost recesses.——I wrote several letters to my old friends, but never received one answer——Poverty and prison can scarce be thought of in the world without contamination. I languished three years in dreadful misery of mind and body—full of ideas of the happiness I had lost; and stung to the quick at the thought of my wife's being the prey of lawless lust and violence.

After an age of wretchedness, I was one morning meditating on my future lot, and almost yielding up my soul in the last gasp of misery, when a person came into the prison and called for me by name—I started at a sound so new, in any mouth but my jailor's——Judge how great was my astonishment, when I was informed that I was free:—my debt discharged, and a purse of twenty guineas put into my hand by the stranger, whom I looked on as my deliverer; but he undeceived me in that circumstance, by giving me a direction to a lady to whom I was to pay the tribute of my gratitude; he advised me, at the same time, to be private in my motions, as he understood I had other creditors.

It may easily be conceived I walked forth from my dungeon with no small satisfaction——it was not, however, unalloyed even immediately with some alloy——I could

could not but look with horror on the crouds I passed ———and consider them nearly akin in their natures to beasts of the most savage kind, and wanting that softness and milk of species, if I may use the expression, which is found in the fiercest inhabitants of the forest. Millions of disquieting fears and anxious suspicions in-venom'd my mind, and made me almost with myself the lowest of the brute kind, rather than endure the faculty of tormenting myself with such wretched ideas as alone crouded into my imagination.

The twenty guineas changed my horrid goal appearance, by new cloathing me in a decent manner. I went immediately, according to my direction, to pay my respects to my benefactress, whose name was entirely new to me. Her house seemed large and very handsomely furnished — I was shewn into a dining room, where I waited some time before any one appeared ———at last enter'd the lady, whose face I had some slight recollection of, but knew not where I had seen her. — She seemed about eight and twenty or thirty years of age ———handsome and genteel, with a countenance agreeable enough. I thanked her for her generosity in terms no ways backward or cold, nor high-flown and flattering. She gave me to understand that she was related to a person at whose house I once lodged, and enquiring slightly concerning me, heard an advantageous character, with mention of several great misfortunes. That soon after she was told I had been thrown in prison for debts which it was impossible I should pay; but having, at that time, no power of her own, (*I found she had been married to a rich old fellow, since dead*) she could not act according to her will ——— However, as it was now in her power, she could not avoid doing that which common humanity required, since few cases could be more remarkably unfortunate than mine. She concluded with desiring me to stay dinner — and the conversation then consisted chiefly of her enquiring, and my giving her some account of my miserable life. When she understood that I had yet several creditors who would seize the first opportunity of

arresting me, she bid me not be unhappy at these circumstances; since she never liked to *do things by halves*. On my taking leave of her, she desired me to be free, and call on her whenever I had leisure. —

I could not help thinking such a character very remarkable in such an age — Little did I expect that a person unknown should relieve the necessities of another in so large and generous a stile. But different as the state I then was in from that so late I had experienced, yet nothing could set easy on my mind till I had gained certain intelligence of my wife. I was all on fire to return and hurl ten-fold confusion on my enemy, the Colonel, for daring to take such vile advantage of my misfortunes. I made little doubt of finding the beloved of my soul in a state of miserable confinement; the very thought of it pierced me with agony. I posted into the west of England, and as soon as I arrived at the well known place, made a few enquiries concerning my wife, the Colonel, and her father — What was again my astonishment, when I was given to understand, by several who knew me not, that my wife lived in open and most impudent adultery with a gentleman in the neighbourhood of Exeter — that the Colonel had done with her; that a gentleman of fortune, at some distance, had her next; and lastly, she was then near that city. Greatly surprised at these dreadful particulars, which confirmed all my first hatred — but set my scarce healed wounds bleeding afresh; I repeated my enquiries among many different people, and all agreed in the same cursed story. Convinced of all my former sorrow, I left the country, determining never more to behold a scene, the witness of so much happiness, and then of so much misery.

On my arrival in London, I waited on my friend, the widow, who expressed great pleasure at my return; advised me to forget a wife every way so unworthy of me — seemed much pleased with my company, and before I left her, gave me a small bundle of papers, — which when I opened, I found to contain receipts in full from all my creditors, and a bank note of five hundred pounds. Surprised at such overflowing bounty, I flew

to her house, and returned my heartiest acknowledgments for such abundant favours——She waved the subject, paid several compliments to my character, and entering into a general conversation, displayed an agreeable liveliness and good sense, which threw her into a very conspicuous light; we parted highly pleased with each other, I began to forget my sorrow, and thought ease at last grown friends with me.

On my next visit, she told me, she thought my lodgings not convenient nor becoming a man, the true owner of so handsome an estate, and which she purposed putting me in possession of, if law and reason ever went together—that she had a pretty house in her street, which she would let me——she loved being regular in any affairs of that kind, and as I might really know the house to be mine during the term, she designed ordering her attorney to draw up a lease accordingly——adding, “I shall not be hard with you, Sir, as to rent.”——Soon after, the lease was executed, and I took possession of a pretty house, which was very elegantly furnished for me. All the return I could make for benefits showered down on me with so generous and unsparing a hand, was to render myself as agreeable to my Benefactress as I could: I entertained her with what conversation I was master of, and gratitude induced me to give her what entertainment was in my power. I aimed at this with the greater pleasure, as I saw plainly the goodness and generosity of her mind prompted all her actions.

I one day received a visit from my lodging-house friend, the relation of my benefactress. He apologized for paying me a visit——but said he came to give me a little advice. I was somewhat surprised at his introduction, but desired him to proceed.——

I find, said he, you are at present in high favour with my cousin——and from all the enquiries I have made, I find your character a good one, and that you was born a gentleman: I am therefore in your interest, and as my cousin has a noble fortune, she is and will be followed

lowed enough; but I am for having her safe lodged in the hands of a man of honour.

I had a mind to hear all his ideas——and therefore let him proceed without interruption——

As this is my opinion, and my cousin, I doubt not, apt to be constant in her likings, I would advise you to strike while the iron is hot——you understand me, Sir——And if you do not succeed, which I can scarcely think, do not place too much dependance in her generosity: I mean in a continuance of it In her constancy——

You do not seem to be acquainted, Mr.——with one circumstance——that I have a wife.

A wife!

Even so.

I am very sorry to hear it. I like not my cousin's conduct. Let me persuade you to be on your guard——I am afraid her favours to you are not given with generosity for their only motives.

I gave but little ear to suspicions so very injurious to his relation's honour, and so poorly grounded——But I thanked him for his advice, and so we parted; I repairing to my friendly widow, and he to his home. She received me as she ever did, with great politeness and satisfaction at my company——her attention to me made me think of her cousin's suspicions, and a little flattered my vanity. Ridiculous folly! I thought the good opinion of a woman so agreeable, and not without personal charms, was not to be slighted. The point of being well with the sex was of early importance to me, and my apprenticeship to arms did not lessen it. By degrees I imperceptibly glided into a complaisance more than common; and a habit of spending much of my time with her. She did not appear unmindful of these circumstances, and treated me with a degree of kindness and friendship not a little pleasing. I shall not swell this narrative with a multitude of uninteresting particulars——It is sufficient to add here, that by degrees, politeness brought on a warm friendship between us, which insensibly melted into something like Love.

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Constant opportunity made us indulge such pleasing sensations, which, ere long, grew too strong to be mastered; and in fine, hurried us into a guilty life, which, notwithstanding the enjoyment it conferred, did not repay me for the state of mind it destroyed.

Such was the scene for a few months; but nothing in this world has permanency for its foundation: I perceived a kind of coldness in her behaviour, which struck me the more, having before experienced it — I was all attention to her conduct, and presently saw, with clearness enough to convince, that she no longer loved me. In this situation, trifles light as air lay open the very inmost soul — I saw the consequence to me — and when it was too late, discovered the character of the woman. Variety of disappointments ought to have given me more penetration. It is needless to mark the progress of that disgust which took place in her mind, and which is so often the follower of satiety — It was not long before an open quarrel became unavoidable, and much as I expected that, little did I look for what ensued.

I left her abruptly, but soon received a visit from her attorney, demanding, under various heads, the sum of thirteen hundred pounds, a debt, which he informed me, lest I should be ignorant of it, I owed to my lovely widow. The impudence of the attack was so great, that it was with no small difficulty I kept my cane from the back of the pettifogger — but he repeated his demand, and as a proof of its reality, put into my hands a copy of the lease, by virtue of which I enjoyed my house: I read it immediately, and great was my astonishment to find a scene of villainy even to me incredible; I had signed away to my vile benefactress every sixpence I had received from her, in such an absolute, binding manner, that it was too plain I was her slave. I told her attorney, I would go immediately and make her agree to burn so infamous a contract. He said he would accompany me. I was not fool enough to expect any such matter, but I could not debar myself the satisfaction of paying her off in words for her meanness. Away
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I walked—but before I got to the end of the street I was arrested, under the attorney's orders, by his myrmidons ready laid for the purpose, and loaded with his sarcasms, and in half an hour's time was again buried in that prison I had so lately left.

This stroke of cruel fortune threw me into a stupor of misery and despair. A philosophical turn of mind—a disposition full of religious meditation, or a stoical stubbornness of soul, might have enabled me to bear up with courage and resolution against the influence of contrasts, however cutting, and the attacks of a destiny however severe: But so actively miserable had my life been, that but little of it had I employed in learning that great and necessary art, *to think*. My ideas were those which arose immediately from experience, and of course horribly tinged with every variation of the most exquisite distress. A misanthropy extremely natural took possession of my soul.—I could not help attributing the *vices* of the species to their *nature*; and so extensive had been my scale of ill treatment, so peculiarly unhappy every connection I formed, that I adopted notions of general villainy consonant to the portion I had met with myself. I ought, beyond all doubt, to have reflected, that many, if not all my misfortunes were originally owing to my own imprudence, and that a better founded idea of true religion would have secured me from the effect of temptations to which I easily submitted. These are after-reflections which I find of great weight, when no enemy is at hand to make the assault—but such unremitting vigour in the great business of misery and ruin, is prevalent in the world, that reflection gives way to the stronger allurements of sensual objects.—In retirement, reflection gloriously reigns—in the world fancy and inclination as imperiously triumph.

I languished three years in my second imprisonment, a period of exquisite misery both of mind and body: The death of my vile persecutor was the occasion of my liberty—her executor had not the same motive for prolonging my wretchedness. I walk'd forth a spectre,
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and hunger threw me into the necessity of labouring for my bread: but the scenes of shocking crimes with which my poverty rendered me acquainted, gave me such a loathing of the town, that I quitted it for the country—and subsisted on bread alone, until I found myself at no inconsiderable distance from the metropolis: I applied earnestly for work, but was answered with nothing but threats of constables—houses of correction, and whipping posts; I was told of being a vagrant in terms of horror, and on the poor subsistence of a few halfpence, thrown at me with eyes of scorn, wandered many days before I could find the least employment.

Accident at last threw me on a farmer in want of labourers, who agreed at once to give me twelve-pence a day. Heaven be praised, he was a mild, humane man, who had patience with my unskilfulness—and treated me with a moderation I had never before experienced. At first I lodged at a neighbouring alehouse, but my master afterwards fixed me in a little neat cottage, which he lett off from his farm. A change of air so greatly for the better, by degrees brought me to my health and strength, and even labour grew tolerable: I made up in assiduity and perseverance what I wanted in strength and skill; and had the satisfaction to find my master pleased with me. I was of use to him on some occasions wherein reading and writing were necessary, qualifications he wanted; and being willing his children should enjoy them, he agreed to give me a small matter for teaching them after work; a proposal I readily came into, as I was very ambitious of being able to buy a little furniture more convenient and agreeable than what I was forced to hire. I accomplished this by degrees, and found great pleasure in adorning my humble cottage. As soon as I was tolerable at the different kinds of work I did, I took every thing of the farmer by the job, and working earlier than common, and with great industry, I found my earnings more than sufficient to maintain me and pay my rent—the overplus was all expended on my little home. This cottage I considered as a secure harbour, after a voyage

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on a most boisterous sea. It was situated by the side of a road, with a pretty piece of land around it, which I made into a kitchen garden, and afterwards half lived out of it. I clipt the hedge around it, planted some trees on each side the house, and presently distinguished the cottage I lived in from any of the neighbouring ones: My furniture was also entirely in another stile——Some things in the carpentry way I made myself, and others I bought, which greatly added to the conveniencies of my life; and found that half the money which most labourers spent at the alehouse, sufficient to enable me to compass several enjoyments of which they could have no idea. A Milton was the only book I afforded myself. There were, however, several little acquisitions which my purse would by no means reach, and which I could not help wishing for; and often reflected in what manner I could make a small addition to my fortune——But no other means striking me than common labour, I was forced to give over all fruitless wishes——I determined, however, to write to my friend the lodging-man, requesting him, in case of any trifle happening that concerned me, to give me a line.——In about a month, I received a letter from him, informing me, that my wife was dead—which, as he justly observed, could be no disagreeable event to me.

Habit rendered my new life perfectly agreeable to me, and I found the large share of health I enjoyed, contributed not a little to the easing my mind, and giving it a serenity I had scarce ever before experienced. Thus potently convinced of the value of the way of life I led, I wish'd for no other; and thought it highly probable that I might end my days in peace and infinitely to be desired obscurity.

The honest farmer that had hitherto employed me, having a couple of months leisure time, in which he should have no occasion for my labour, advised me to enquire for my work at the Hall, for the Squire wanted several hands in his gardens. I followed his advice, in expectation of earning more, though I had no great
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relish for working under a man of so hot, fiery and absurd a temper as this 'Squire H. who was a man, in every respect, of a character I utterly disliked. — However, conceiving that I should have more to do with his gardener than himself, and expecting to have more than common wages, I e'en determined to try the two months, as the farmer promised to take me again, if I did not like to continue with Mr. H. I accordingly determined on the change — and was immediately accepted, and set about several little offices in the gardens.

This Mr. H. I found, notwithstanding his great estate, looked so minutely into every thing, that not even a new labourer could come without his questioning him — and I among the rest — This officiousness was owing to his suspicion, his avarice, and a most comical idea, that no trivial thing could be done well without his having a hand in the management. This part of his character, I was presently informed, extended to every department among his servants — He was the veriest fribble in the nursery that can be imagined — and in every thing else the most conceited fop; and what was of worse consequence to those around him — the most detestable tyrant to his wife children and servants, I ever heard of. It was reported among the servants, that he had proceeded to horrible extremities even with his daughters in the fury of his passions, especially one who was no favourite — it was said he had horse-whipped her — incredible with many — but such variety of villainy had I met with in the world, that I had no difficulty in believing it. This wretch, whose complicated ill humours were not a little added to by the gout, gave orders for a swelling lawn, which rose to a temple, to be altered, and the wave of it changed, so as to let in a slight view of a lake at a little distance — his gardener did not comprehend his meaning — the master's passion was such, that after much altercation, he discharged him. The under-gardener had his place, and displeased the master as much as the first; he ordered him out of his sight, and fixed on me by
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accieent to execute his ideas--I pleased him at once, and that circumstance made me a violent favourite, *in his manner*; and he afterwards fixed on me for several of his schemes. I often executed his plans entirely to his mind, and shortly gained an advance of wages for my skill.

It was soon after this promotion, that I was one day accidentally laid on an agreeable bank in a grove, at some distance from the house, where I knew there was no danger of my master's coming, with a Milton in my hand. I read out that sweet speech in Comus,

' Can any mortal mixture,' &c.

and when I had finished it, hearing a noise, I looked behind me, and saw a young lady, a most elegant and agreeable figure, in an attitude of attention close to me. I rose up, and bowing, was moving off.

Pray, gardener, said she, are not you the labourer my father took lately for the levelling?

Yes, Madam.

Bless me! How come you by Milton! What do you generally read poetry?

Milton is the only book I possess, Madam.

Why you read very well for a common labourer: How came you to be so well educated?

Only through the goodne's of my parents.

Prithee turn to the poem entitled L' Allegro, and read it to me.

I did as she directed me.

Is it by accident that you have only Milton---or do you like poetry alone?

I have so little time for reading, Madam, that poetry pleases me infinitely the best---since in the same extent of lines a much greater variety of thought is expressed, and that by far more forcibly than is ever met with in the best prose---and versification acting so powerfully on the memory, is a great inducement with me to prefer it.

But why is Milton your only poet?

I cannot afford many books, Madam, and a very few contain all the poetry that I think worth being solicitous after.

You are very nice, methinks.

That is of no bad consequence, Madam, to me, who cannot peruse variety, and therefore, I am persuaded, have the more pleasure in what I do read.

Who is your next favourite poet?

Shakespear equally possesses my good opinion, but so many volumes were above my purse.

She took leave of me with a complaisance above what is ever paid to any in my station from one of so superior rank; but I perceived in her manner, a perfect astonishment at what she saw in me. The adventure was very agreeable to me—for I never beheld a sweeter or more amiable countenance in my days—a more pleasing beauty—or more winning grace. I was perfectly charmed at the first sight—and every agreeable idea I had ever entertained of the sex, rushed into my mind at once.

In a day or two afterwards, near the same place, I was met by the same lady, accompanied by another, one of her sisters: she called to me, and with great sweetness in her manner, made me a present of Shakespear's works tied up in a white handkerchief. I returned my thanks as politely as I was able, and not much in the labourer's stile. She then added—"Here's my sister has a mind to hear you read some of Milton; but we have no time now—if you cou'd be at the root-house next Thursday afternoon, about four o'clock, we will be there; and do you hear, have your Milton with you."

The appointment was too agreeable to me to let it slip my memory—I was precise to the time, and in about a quarter of an hour came the ladies.

"Gardener," said the first I had seen, who was the handsomest and most agreeable,—"You must be careful not to let my father see you reading—He has an aversion to books in general, and wou'd be quite in a fury to see any of his people reading."

I shou'd be sorry, Madam, to offend a person so easily offended..

Easily offended, indeed! Take care of yourself; for if a man will treat his children like a tyrant, his servants have little to hope.

I hope I shall never be so unhappy as to hear that he treats either of you, ladies, ill.

Most tyrannically so only last night, insomuch, that we are almost in fear of our lives.

Just heaven! That a man in his station and ample fortune shou'd be so entirely wanting in the humanity of a man——and the manners of a gentleman! Ladies my heart bleeds for your sufferings!

Mr. Gardener, said the other, methinks your language is much above that of a labourer. And my sister tells me you read remarkably well——Will you favour me with a few lines from Milton?

I read part of the description of Paradise:——They listened to me with great attention, and seemed much pleased. We conversed about half an hour on different topics, in which I displayed all the sprightliness and compliment I was master of, without affectation, and I parted deep in their good graces.——Two days after, as I was planting some shrubs, I was surprised to see the elder one (her I first saw) advancing towards me with a parcel in her hand.

Mr. Holmes, said she, (that was the name I passed under) I must beg your acceptance of these books——A set of Spencer's works.

Your kindness, Madam, is ——

I do not expect any compliments in return, but I want your advice in a point of great importance.

You do me great honour ——

My father's cruelty to me really grows so intolerable, that I can bear it no longer —— but how to remedy myself I know not. Give me your advice.

You certainly cou'd not be in a more critical situation. But in what manner have you an idea, Madam, of remedying yourself?

In any manner that gets me out of his clutches.

Some

Some relation in your eye, to whom you think of flying?

Alas! I know of none that wou'd receive me.

Your case is truly worthy of pity. Wou'd to Heaven I had it in my power at least to alleviate your misery.

I am certain, Sir, that you are of an education and turn of sentiment greatly superior to your present station—I do not scruple, therefore, opening my wretchedness to you as the only friend to whom I dare intrust the least design of easing myself. Let me desire you, therefore, to consider a little for me, and give me your advice the next time I see you.

I pursued the conversation with her, and sliding into a familiar strain, found her exceeding sensible, of a steady judgment, and most agreeable manners. I sympathized with her on her unhappiness, and owned that in misery I was the companion of any one.—She listened to me with great attention, and by degrees brought me to confess that I was not born to my present station, but to one greatly superior. She expressed a great desire to hear my story, which I promised her at a more convenient time.

It was impossible that I shou'd converse so much with this woman, and not love her.—Spite of all the prudential resolutions which I thought had been engraven in my soul, I fell at once into the soft passion, and this meeting left me deeply enamoured with this agreeable creature: nor had I any reason to doubt but that she had at least a very good opinion of me. Two succeeding meetings were very silent, sighing and tender.—The words, *I love you*, quiver'd on my lips, but I durst not pronounce them. The third, I told her my tale, leaving out but few circumstances. She mingled her tears with mine—and when I had concluded, I ventured to speak to her in broken accents of the then state of my mind.—She heard me with blushing confusion. Good Heaven! how beautifully amiable was she in that moment? She continued silent.—Taking hold of her hand, and pressing it to my lips.

For

For Heaven's sake, Madam, pronounce my fate. Speak but one cruel word, and I am miserable for ever.

I wou'd not have you miserable: Read in my silence what I am ashamed to utter——

I press'd her not to leave me in wretched suspense, and our meeting ended in mutual assurances of eternal love and fidelity. Never till that moment did I know what love was; I had mistaken other affections and fopperies for that delicious passion—but my heart had long been spared, only to be bound in stronger chains at last.

Following meetings were passed in all the enchanting tenderness of unaffected love——Never were moments of purer enjoyment. It was extremely natural in us to concert the means of continuing our happiness: and after a thousand schemes, none appeared so eligible as to remove from that neighbourhood as soon as possible: but no plan of that nature cou'd come from me without first proposing marriage, as highly necessary before it was executed. The amiable creature assured me before she agreed to it, that I was to expect no fortune——no advancement from such a measure.——I rejected all such ideas, and the plan was determined. We were privately married at a neighbouring church. My wife's whole fortune was a few jewels, her cloaths, &c. and thirty guineas in cash. I conveyed her to my cottage one night, and having before sold my moveables, the next morning we set off by break of day on the outside of a machine for London; where we arrived safe, without hearing any news of pursuers. I went to my old friend the lodging-man, who, with great good nature and humanity, insisted on our being his guests a fortnight; which time we accordingly staid with him; and then taking the conveniency of a machine, went down into Northamptonshire, and was obliged to live at an inn in a town some time before I cou'd, by traversing a number of villages in the neighbourhood, find out a little cottage to hire; intending to purchase one as soon as an opportunity offered. At last I happened on a very tolerable one, and at a reasonable rent. We fixed directly

rectly in it; and I presently found employment as a labourer.

Heaven blessed me with health to maintain myself and my wife, without breaking into our little fortune: and I found every day fresh subject of love and admiration in the humility, cheerfulness, and unaffected native simplicity of my wife, whose disposition was the most angelic imagination can conceive. Never once did I know her complain of a change of fortune — never regretted the plenty she had left. Her little home was ever agreeable to her — and her company rendered it a paradise to me.

Five years passed in this humble, but happy and contented life. In that time my wife brought me a fine boy, which was, however, snatched away when only a year old, to our no slight grief. We should have continued so happily situated, had I not received a letter from my friend at London, informing me, that one of my sisters was dead, and had left me seven thousand pounds. This news hurried us to London: The money was left in several legacies, and some disputes in law ensued among the executors, I stood neuter, but received in two years, after a life of anxiety and trouble, one of the legacies of five hundred pounds; in three years more another of two thousand — in short, it was seven years before the whole was paid. A period full of law, terror, and fear of literal want. A thousand times did we repent the leaving our humble cot, and accepting our right in a country where right must be purchased by law. At last, after such a world of trouble and affliction, we found ourselves possessed of four thousand pounds clear. With that sum we determined to retire to some almost uninhabited spot, entirely out of the knowledge and reach of friends and enemies — lest another legacy, or some such temptation left thro' compunction of conscience, should induce us once more to leave retirement for a world so unhappy to us. My wife, through temper as well as reason, was much inclined to such a scheme. She had too good a fund within herself to regret the world or any of its seducing at-

tractions; but expressed herself with great cheerfulness and pleasure on the plan.

In the midst of our little preparations, my wife was brought to bed of a daughter: an event which gave us both the greatest pleasure imaginable—but in a short time, dreadfully was it damped to me—Oh! cruel, cutting stroke!—by the loss of the most valuable woman in the universe. An indiscreet management after her lying-in gave her cold, which brought on a fever, and ended in her death; leaving me the most miserable, disconsolate wretch humanity can display. I pass over the excess of my grief, which lasts in all its liveliness to this hour. My country, and the face of every soul I saw, was odious to me—I determined to leave for ever the scene of so much misery. In a fortnight's time my four thousand pounds was lodged in the hands of a banker to be remitted directly to Philadelphia, and myself and little infant on board a ship bound for the same place. I remained in that city no longer than was sufficient for an excursion into the back country among the Indians—I cultivated an intimacy with several of their chiefs—and imparting my design to reside near them, they received it with pleasure; I gave them my idea of the spot I shou'd like, and they recommended this beautiful one to me—I returned in haste to Philadelphia, and laid out great part of my fortune in a house, &c. and the most useful furniture, implements of agriculture, and some other things I thought wou'd be of use to the Indians, reserving just enough to pay the expence of the freight and carriage of the whole, to a pass, where some Indians were ready to receive them, and transported the whole to the destined spot. I had great objections to let any artists from our settlements attend me, as I wished to have my retirement a secret. My new friends framed my house with great dexterity, and did me every other office of friendship I cou'd wish, until I was entirely fixed with my dear little Emmera in this sequestered vale of innocence and unworldly pleasure.

Oh! my Emmera! when these papers come to be read by you, mark the picture of the world! Compare it

it with what you have experienced here—and decide upon your future conduct! Live, my dearest daughter, contented with peace, serenity of mind, and health of body. —Regret not the miserable vanities of a wretched world.—The Indians adore you—never will you have an idea of want here—But change the prospect, and a whole deluge of evils rush at once upon you—It accident discovers you to an European, the Indians will nobly defend you, if attacked—-but what is more dangerous, if attempted to be seduced to the world, give not ear to the poisonous advice, however prostituted by the arts of sophistry, or varnished by the delusions of flattery.

May Heaven protect and defend your innocence! Adieu, my Emmera!

* * * *

Well, Mr. Chetwyn, what is your opinion of my dear father's narrative?

That he was the most unfortunate man I ever heard of.

Can you wonder at his renouncing so wretched a world? Oh! never—never more, Mr. Chetwyn, even in idea, propose to me to leave this retirement —

My fairest Emmera, fear me not. We enjoy the innocent and most agreeable pleasures of this sweet solitude, and what besides the happiness of living perpetually with you can you imagine should influence me?

Heaven knows, Mr. Chetwyn, that I wish for no further happiness than a continuance of the present life I lead with you—A change to the world could contribute to nothing but my misery.

But, my dearest Emmera!—You mean not literally what you say —you surely do not design *always* to —

Talk not of a removal, however distant, for —

Misunderstand me not—no further than as —

As what?

I would not offend the delicacy of your soul for worlds. But —

How

How strange this is!—You cannot live in retirement—your head is full of the world—Alas! that I shou'd find my father's words so true ———

You wrong me infinitely—By Heavens you do!—Were we in the midst of the world----cou'd I but once call you mine; this spot of all others wou'd I fix for our only residence ———

Come, my friend, let us be gone: It will soon be evening; I wou'd not have this sacred hermitage a witness to words I wish not to hear.

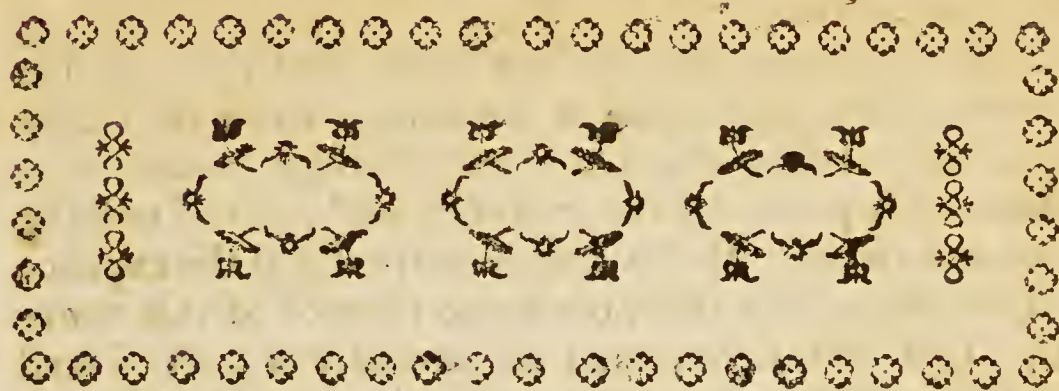
Wou'd to Heaven! my Emmera----you saw my heart!

She walked off, or I shou'd have pushed the point further. But I never begin it without confusion and a strange perplexity of mind which throws impediments in every word: I am happy as I cou'd wish, save this one circumstance. But why shou'd I not enjoy all this serenity and ease with the addition of this fairest and most amiable of her sex? Why shou'd we not for ever be united by the tenderest ties? Where can be the offence to the most virgin modesty in such a scheme? Just Heaven! how transcendently happy shou'd I be, so situated in this delicious residence! The world! fare it well——. Never shou'd I regret the loss of any of its enjoyments, so exchanged for a life of as much happiness as this world can in appearance confer.

This letter is spun out to a most intolerable length——I must, therefore, wind it up by assuring you how much I am, &c.

P. CHETWIN.

END of the FIRST VOLUME.



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LETTER XV.

Miss CHETWYN to Miss HERVEY.

OUR complaints, my dearest Kitty, are really unjust—How can you possibly conceive I should write any syllable worth reading in the idlest hour, if I was to write oftener!—All my subjects, if condensed into meer matter of fact or matter of entertainment, would be contracted into the compass of half a sheet—judge then what a profusion of useless words—what tautology!—But repetition among friends must be indulged, or letters be no longer the transcript of the mind: For much repetition will there be of ideas of kindness and affection, and if they are not expressed, other more unpleasing and less interesting subjects will gain admittance. Such is the apology I make for my stupidity. Is it accepted or not? Tell me if I must write news from American forests—give you anecdotes of an Indian queen's court, and the bon mots of her drawing-room: or describe the fashions of my sex among the Mohawks—My letters must be more insipid—and

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it is in your friendship I rely for a tender eye to their universal wants.

My father has been a dreadfully hazardous voyage down a great river with a barbarous name of twenty syllables.---He is returned horribly fatigued---but overflows with praises of the country, and talks of nothing but vast rivers. He satisfies his curiosity at the expence of his body: His affections are so rivetted to this country, that he is determined to purchase a tract of land in this neighbourhood without delay---and build on it with intention to settle immediately. He is astonished at my brother's unaccountable stay in the woods alone-----but is not displeased at it; forbids me to interrupt him, as he expects he will like the country as well as himself; and says it would give him great pleasure, if Sir Philip would settle here.

What can be the mystery of my brother's strange absence I cannot guess at: It must be something further than a trifling common amour, as I at first suspected---but it is a very extraordinary accident indeed if he has met with any other. Heaven preserve him in safety, is my prayer---but it is not in my power to give him any assistance would he allow me to suspect his want of it.

Since I wrote my last, here is a new lodger come---who press'd the Jones's to receive him on their own terms. They refused it until my father gave his approbation: He dined with us---a middle aged man; said his design was to purchase land in our settlements, but chose to be better acquainted with the country first---My father was highly pleas'd with him, and desired the people by all means to accommodate him. This gentleman's name is Francis; has no family, and attended only by one footman. My father, from a similarity of opinions, likes his conversation, so he visits us a good deal; one thing recommends him to me, he is passionately fond of music, brought a violin with him---and accompanies my harpsichord with no ordinary skill. He is a reserved man, but appears to be sensible and agreeable.

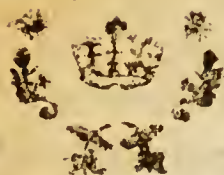
YOUR

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Your account of Edgerton is quite shocking — It raises an abhorrence in me at the very idea of the wretch; and surely ought to be a striking lesson to us all, to know well a man before we think two minutes about him. So detestable a fellow deserves no mercy — If you have it in your power, Kitty, in your plan of confounding him with his wife, ruin him completely — Hang him if possible. Such a man should be considered with the same horror as a mad dog, and shot at by every scul that sees him. You have laid your scheme, I think, perfectly well, and if the execution is as happy as the design, it will be equally moral and entertaining. But is there no way to punish that old hag? You will make but an imperfect business of it, if you do not contrive to maul her — I think, after joining her to blow up Edgerton, you should join him to demolish her, which he would rejoice at, I question not. These men — But I will not proceed. I was going to scribble a satire — but a conclusion you will read with more pleasure.

I therefore remain, &c.

H. CUTHWYN.



LETTER XVI.

MR. EDGERTON TO Colonel FORRESTER.

ZOUNDS, Forrester! if I get this old curmudgeon's niece—which I certainly shall, and her fifteen hundred per ann. I will make him run mad with very spite—and rather than not confound his cursed folly and stupidity, I will have him pressed into a man of war just sailing for Bengal. Heavens! what pleasure is there in mounting ones-self to riches, honours, and so forth, by the means of fools, and then kicking them from under one! Clapping horns on a puppy of a husband is nothing, if we have not the satisfaction of telling him of his happiness—like Zanga in the Revenge,

‘ ’Twas I;—I plac’d them there,

‘ Thou beast of ill fame!’—

The old fellow swallowed my bait of marrying his niece, as I told you before, at once—and since that time has never been easy but in my company. I warrant he thinks, if he can but draw me in for a nephew, he shall be a very Machiavel in contrivance. He labours hard at it, talks much of the good condition of his niece's estate; how well tenanted—in thorough repair—contiguous—well wooded—Quick work I'll make of those woods!—And lastly, a handsome sum of money before-hand. I put him off from conversing on the subject from time to time, seemed very shy of the affair—often complained of the expensiveness of the times; and added, with a shrug, “No imprudence like marrying, unless to an equal fortune.”—

Of late I have appeared to listen to his recommendations of the match, which has been quite fresh fuel to his fire, and made him so eager in it, that I have no doubt but I may dictate my own terms.—A capital idea came into my head, which made me take occasion to say one day, in a half-meaning manner, “But,
zounds,

sounds, Mr. Carter! my very soul has an abhorrence at spending money among lawyers; and if them rogues did not secure every thing clearly, how do we know what disputes might ensue among our children and grandchildren——Faith, I could trust none but such as I knew.”——

Name ’em——Mr. Edgerton——name your own lawyers——I will not squabble about names——John or Thomas——What signifies who, if they are but of the law.

’Twill never do, Mr. Carter——But however, I’ll consider of it——so far I’ll promise you.

Thank ye, my dear friend——Thank ye——

As soon as I left him I sent for Merrist the attorney——you know him——

Mr. Merrist, I have some thoughts of being married.

Sir, I am your most humble servant: If I can be of any service in——

Marriage settlements, Mr. Merrist, they say is pretty profitable business, ha!

Very well to be sure, Sir: I shall in any business you think proper to favour me with, be particularly——

Whoever I employ, Mr. Merrist, must——

Oh! dear Sir, I was never a pedant in my profession——You know I submit to any little particularities in my clients.

I say, Mr. Merrist, marriage writings are very profitable——but I purpose making the business more than commonly so, by presenting my attorney with two hundred guineas——

Indeed, Sir!

Two hundred guineas!——on the nail.

A very handsome reward, I must confess——You know, Sir, I always——

I know your virtues well, Mr. Merrist: and as they are great, have some idea of employing you——

You lay me under infinite obligations, Sir.

But, Mr. Merrist——in return you must draw the writings verbatim as I dictate——save your law expressions.

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By all means, Sir — Nothing in that at all
Understand me well: You are to tie my intended
father in law — not according to his, but my in-
structions —

Sir? — hum —

Oh! very true — hum — Two hundred guineas,
Mr. Merritt! —

A dangerous affair though, Sir — hot service! —

Profitable business! — Two hundred guineas! —

Generous to be sure: But —

No buts, Mr. Merritt.

Additions I suppose to the settlement unknown to
the lady's father?

Even so.

But when it is laid before council?

I leave that to me.

You will manage every point dexterously — and
my name appear not once in the whole transaction?

Agreed.

Well then; I think for five hundred guineas — a
bond of indemnity from all charges — a valuable
consideration acknowledged — my name not to ap-
pear — and my bill on the old gentleman supported
as reasonable — I think —

Why in good faith you may think! Thou mongrel,
pestifogging dog — had I my sword I should pin you
to the wall —

Very good, Sir. I am your very humble servant — I
suppose you have no further occasion for me —

[The villainous dog turned the tables on me — I was
forced to draw in my horns. —]

Let me see, Mr. Merritt — Your terms are exorbi-
tant — and I offered sufficient, nevertheless, I will add
another fifty.

It will by no means do, Sir. Dangerous service! I
can take no less.

Three hundred guineas then — if you refuse that
offer, you are welcome to leave me as soon as you
please. I will go no further.

I cannot venture my neck for that, Sir— but four hundred I will e'en take, and not one penny less.

Well, I will not have words with you: 'Tis agreed.

I will be punctual to your directions; and when I deliver the instruments for signing, will have a bond ready to me for my gratification — which you shall acknowledge before witnesses to be a valuable consideration, by receiving the sum from me in their presence.

Manage all that as you please.

Sir, your most humble servant.

Mr. Attorney, you's.

A pretty fellow this! one after my own heart: The dog was a most exacting rascal; but I was forced to agree. My next thought was after a counsellor as complying as my attorney: This point was more difficult than the other—not that knaves enough were not to be found under the long robe of iniquity, but accidentally I was acquainted with none: But Jack Stopford (the queer fellow you may remember you met in my study, who talked you sick of Horace) removed the difficulty at once, by swearing he would personate a counsellor, and deceive the old dog, and all his relations. I accepted his offer, and am now ready for the first opportunity that offers, to be persuaded by the old fellow's urgent intreaties to accept fifteen hundred a year, and his niece.

In the mean time I gain ground every day with Miss—She thinks me the most accomplished, best dressed man in London, because I flatter her into an opinion that she is precisely that among the women—and the most extravagant praise I can bestow she scarcely thinks equal to her deserts. I must in six months consign her to Mother Gooch, or her whole fortune, so incumbered, would be a most horrid alternative. She is very loving, and grows impatient for our wedding, which I have talked of to her, absolutely *vice versa* to what I did to the uncle.

Soon after my settling the matters of law, the old fellow pushing me with rustic eloquence into his a-

avourite

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yourite scheme, I seemed to yield a little to him; and he, eager to preserve the ground he thought he had gained, was particularly warm — I recollected myself on a sudden —

— Zounds, Mr. Carter! one circumstance I totally forgot — I should disoblige my Lord E. forever — he is my near relation, and I have great expectations from him: He will allow me to marry nothing under quality.

Odds bobs! — That's mighty strange. Fifteen hundred a year, Mr. Edgerton!

Very true, Mr. Carter — but unless every thing was managed very privately, and all over without his knowledge, 'twould never do — When the business was done, and could not be undone, he might forgive it.

As privately as you please, Mr. Edgerton: Manage it as you like.

I then struck in with the old fool — and agreed to the marriage with seeming reluctance. I told him I would send counsellor Stopford, a lawyer of very great eminence, to receive the necessary papers (a chest of which he had wrote for out of the country) and put into his hands the proper particulars of my fortune; and added, that the counsellor would tell him at once the usual settlements in all cases. He was perfectly satisfied, desired to see Mr. Stopford directly, and all matters, he doubted not, would be speedily settled to my satisfaction. Stopford, arrayed in scientific garb, with volubility of tongue, uttered a deluge of nonsense — all was read learning and law: Merrist received his directions, and is at present employed in earning the four hundred. The middle of next month I am to be married; the old fellow in the mean time keeping mighty hush and close — and hugs himself I warrant in the idea of his excellent management in catching me for his niece. You see my affairs bear a blooming countenance — Spite of fortune I must succeed — Nothing can prevent me — Adieu. Yours, &c.

R. EDGERTON.

LET-

LETTER XVII.

Miss HERVEY to Miss CHETWYN.

YOUR last letter makes me impatient for another — impatient through spite — for I think I shall sift out of it, that this new brother lodger, this musical gentleman, will fiddle himself into your good opinion — I wish he may plague you for a few strokes of affectation I think I see in your letter. You know I am very keen sighted at the faults of my friends! A reserved man too — it will certainly be so.

Now, my dearest, I am the very reverse of you — for I know well you would deny every thing of the matter, if it was all that I predict — out of bashfulness forsooth! — which is what I have no idea of among friends; and as a proof, you must know, I have a new admirer: A very gallant — slightly sort of a man — much such an one as — let me see — But you shall hear —

My father went into Kent, for a few days, on a visit to his old friend Mr. Sinclair — The son was at home, not long since arrived from his travels. My father liked his appearance and conversation, and I dare swear, thought of him immediately as one he could wish was my husband — That, you know, is like him — he is naturally a great match-maker; and besides, I know is ridiculous enough to want to have me *well married*, as the cant phrase is. Young Sinclair designed a journey into Northamptonshire on some business of his father's — my father purposes one too; so he invited him to spend a week at our house in town; and then they are to take the journey together — and here he is, strange as it would generally seem, with my good opinion as well as my father's. He is about twenty-six years of age — a person rather stately for a young man, but very well made, and graceful in his motions. His face not handsome, but his countenance exceeding sensible. He is neither

con-

conceited in his conversation, nor foppish in his dress — has no wit, but many of those little spirited strokes of description and railleury which sometimes make one think him witty, for want of carefully distinguishing between what is really wit — or only quick remarks of good sense. His conversation is to me entertaining — and, in fine, I like the man because he is exceeding good natured.

* * * *

I have had a conversation with Mr. Sinclair, which I think you would not have disliked hearing; and that is sufficient reason with me for writing it. I was asking him several questions concerning the manners and way of living at three or four places, where he had resided. He said he never spent his time so agreeably any where as at Rome; he was there greatly entertained with all kinds of productions of the fine arts — and was in no want of agreeable conversation.

I suppose, Sir, you chiefly cultivated an acquaintance with the inhabitants?

That, madam, was principally my aim the last time I was at Rome; but when I was there in my way to Naples, I was so intimately acquainted with an English gentleman, one Mr. Chetwyn —

Mr. Chetwyn, Sir! — May I beg the favour of his christian name?

Philip, Madam — He has, since, I am informed, received a Baronet's title from the Crown. I had the want of no foreign acquaintance, while I had the pleasure of his.

Have you been long acquainted with him, Sir?

I first knew him in Italy, and for some time corresponded with him after we parted — but I have not of a long time received a letter from him. I had a little difference with one Captain Forrester, an intimate of his, and I fear through his influence he has not since been cordial to me.

Do you know any thing of that Captain Forrester, Sir?

All I know further of him is only on report; that he has since returned home, and met with some promotion in his profession. I have a very ill opinion of him; and was always greatly surprized at my friend Mr. Chetwyn's being so intimate with him. By your enquiries, Madam, it should seem that you know something of these two gentlemen.

I know them well, Sir: and have great reason to believe your opinion of them both very just.

Is Sir Philip in England at present, Madam?

No, Sir. He is in North America——strangely situated.

He enquired particularly of the adventure, and I told him what I knew.

It is extremely odd, Madam, that he should be so desirous to remain in private so long: if he has fallen in love with any lady he has accidentally happened to meet with, it is very strange he does not bring her with him to England, or at least to the society of his father and sister——I am unhappy in not finding him in England, for, notwithstanding his old coldness, I would have renewed the acquaintance, had he been out of the trammels of Mr. Forrester; for I am fully convinced that he is a very worthy, deserving man.

I wish, Mr. Sinclair, you was acquainted with him enough to correspond, for I have a great curiosity to know the real case of the fair Incognita.

He replied, that he had some thoughts of doing it, as possibly his friend would take the remembrance kindly. He determined on it, and I inclosed his letter, which please to forward to your brother's hermitage as soon as you can. I most heartily wish he may answer it.

* * * *

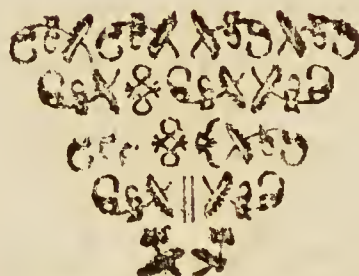
Edgerton goes on in his plot against the Carters briskly. He is ever at their lodgings——the old fellow idolizes him——if I do not play my king of trumps on him at the critical moment, the villain will have two wives; for I have no doubt of his carrying his point with Miss. But of late I don't hear so much of him,

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which makes me suspect he is a little private—but be he as cunning as the devil, I will open in good time upon him to his mortal confusion.—

Adieu, my dearest—Let me hear from you as soon as the vile distance between us will permit—and don't be too short when you speak of the spark that plays a good violin.

C. HERVEY



LETTER XVIII.

Sir Philip CHETWYN to Mr. SINCLAIR.

MY dear Sinclair, your letter, so agreeably unexpected a visitant, gave me the greatest pleasure: and is a strong proof, after the neglect I have been guilty of in leaving several of your letters unanswered, that you are a truly valuable friend indeed—a friend, who, without an affected regard, or a petulant captiousness, persists in aiming at a renewal of an old correspondence with a man every way unworthy such attention. It gives me the greatest pleasure to find (for I see it plainly in your letter) that you are still the easy, good humoured, sensible *Englishman* I spent so many agreeable hours with in Italy. I wish you may recognize *me* in my letter—for people, in general, like their friends changing neither for the better nor worse. Depend upon it, in one circumstance, I am just what you left me—a most sincere and hearty well-wisher to you in every situation in life.

My adventure here is singular enough—I—

[Here Sir Philip Chetwyn writes his friend the most material circumstances of his abode in America; and then proceeds.]

You see, my dear Harry, with what potent chains I am bound to these pleasing, hospitable woods. I have had the peculiar fortune to meet with a woman infinitely valuable in every respect, and who possesses my whole soul in all the ties of warmest affection. You observe how excessively she is against my moving her into the common society of the world——notwithstanding my happiness rests so immediately on having the opportunity of being able to call her mine for ever——I am determined to marry her, the moment I can persuade her to leave her retirement——merely for that purpose. I would give her a solemn promise to return with her immediately after the business was done: for I must own I am quite in love with the

pleasing simplicity of the life I lead here : Every thing concurs to render it greatly agreeable ; a constant easiness and serenity of mind, with perfect health of body—the company of the woman I love—a charming climate—a sweet spot—What more but the addition of *wife* to the whole, can be wanting to make me happy?—and then the society of a friend now and then, as often as agreeable to him, to make me completely so—I must manage it—I cannot rest without bringing these points, so satisfactory to my desires, to bear immediately, if any human persuasions can influence my Emmera.

* * * *

My fair friend, being remarkably chearful and easy this morning, I took the opportunity to slide imperceptibly into my suit. After a little conversation on the subject of her father's Narrative.—

Your arguments, Mr. Chetwyn, in favour of the world, I must consider as prejudiced—natural, indeed, in a person bred up in it, but not of force to one who has no prejudices——

My fairest Emmera, you have a keen eye at my prejudices in favour of the world, but are totally blind to your own and your father's against it——

My father surely cannot be said to be prejudiced——he determined after long and variety of experience.

True ; he did so—but recollect his conduct, my dearest Emmera, and judge impartially whether an estimate of the world in general is to be formed from the life of a single man, who met with many misfortunes brought on himself for want of being introduced into it to advantage.

Think of the villainy he met with. Can any person on their entrance into the world be fully secure that they shall not be deceived? It would be ridiculous to assert it.

Certainly. And so young a man as he was——so introduced, would be a very extraordinary one to escape. Mark, my Emmera, his setting out ; under
the

the inauspicious influence of parents who loved him not: In a profession of all others the most expensive, with not half a sufficiency of income——The necessary consequence was numerous debts that proved his ruin. Who could wonder at his conduct so young and among such company! All his misfortunes are to be laid to his father's management.

His father was but one link of a chain of knaves——But see the variety he met with during his whole residence in England! Did the father corrupt all that set of people and make them villains, that they might destroy his son?

The loss of his wife was one of those strokes of nature, which no region, no clime can be exempted from. The woods of America are equally within the dominions of death, as the most vicious country upon earth. The vile character of his first wife ought to have determined him from the union——but his ignorance of that character was an imprudence not owing to the world, but himself——and all his imprisonments, and the variety of woe he met with in them, were solely owing to a want of affection in his father at first, in not settling him into life with an income equal to his station.

That proves at once then, that his happiness, after his introduction into life, was depending, in a great measure, on his income——

Doubtless!

Now, if human happiness can depend at all on any particular possession——its continuance must depend on the stability of such possession.

Perfectly well argued, my Emma.

Now, Mr. Chetwyn, What is the stability of riches? What the certainty of a moderate fortune?

In England, very great.

Pray have you an estate in England?

A very good one.

Is it settled?

On my children.

Shall

Shall you think your children imprudent in trusting to that settlement?

No.

Should you think of bringing one son up a blacksmith, and another a carpenter, lest that settlement should be false?

By no means.

Yet you know this was precisely my father's case, and we have reason to believe the right was his--and had his estate come to him, his debts would not have been of consequence.

I agree to what you say. But, my Emmera, unless one was better acquainted with the circumstances of that affair, it is impossible to judge clearly of it.

Oh! Mr. Chetwyn, that's a mere evasion: You see plain enough that my father had a right to the estate, but a rascal left it to another person, who had money enough to support a law-suit; and it is also very evident that without money, right is of no significance. Now can any young man assure himself that he shall really inherit his right, if his relations prove knaves. Or can he assure himself that his supposed right is really such—that the law will not find a flaw in his title; and when he has been brought up with the expectation of an ample fortune, on a sudden be left in the jaws of poverty? May I not on such foundations assert, that there is no stability in riches?—you just now allowed that happiness in the world depended on a man's income—The inference is very plain.—

My fairest disputant, I am amazed at the shrewdness of your argument—it favours much more of the world than this retirement: But there is one general answer to all reasoning, deduced from single instances.—Observe the general conduct of human life: Do you commonly see misfortunes falling on men, when once they are properly introduced into the world—that may not easily be traced to their causes in their own imprudence? So confined a view as of one man only, can never give an idea of that general and
wife

wise œconomy in which the Deity disposes our sublunary affairs.

I am astonish'd, Mr. Chetwyn, at the sophistry of your arguments. You yourself allowed that happiness in the world depended on riches——Nothing will bear a stronger proof than the instability of riches.——You must likewise allow, that in society, a man is surrounded by millions of temptations——by the practisers of all kinds of vices——open to the attacks of envy, hatred, malice, hypocrisy and deceit and what may, perhaps, be as dangerous, exposed, through a becoming ingenuousness and generosity of soul, to the artful practices of men, wanting in every virtue of the mind, who are ever ready to ensnare all that are better than themselves, and turn their very excellencies to their ruin.

My dearest Emmera, you take great advantages of my assertion, that our happiness depends, in a good measure, on having a competent income——but you should remember, that by a competency I mean enough to support a man in the manner he has been brought up——or in the manner his moderation may submit to——You see your father felt no unhappiness for want of money, while he was a day-labourer in England.

You can only state that question fairly, by comparing him a labourer in England to a recluse in this retirement. Was he as happy in the first as the last? Was he here open to the wretched misfortune of a legacy of law? Suppose a fit of illness, from whence was his subsistence to come—from whence his rent? Was he here the servant of a capricious, passionate, worthless man!——What a comparison!

Well, my dearest Emmera, I have one argument in reserve which will admit of no contradiction. I have in England a good estate—have been in *possession* some years—am well able to defend it, on your principle of the worthlessness of the world.

A most speaking argument in the world, Mr. Chetwyn, but not to me. I never knew but two people,
my

my father and you—One after a long life decided against the world—the other, a young man scarcely arrived at it, is of another opinion: Myself have experienced the retired life, and find it as agreeable as I can wish: Now, should I not be a weak creature indeed to give up my experience of what I know, in favour of what I know not—and listen to the experience to change a life with which I am satisfied, for one I know nothing of, on the recommendation of a young man, and contrary to the advice of my father, who experienced both?

My dearest Emmera, mistake me not—I am vindicating the world, not recommending it to you—I wish for nothing more than to live with you here in the tender ties—

I was just advancing to the favourite part of my scheme, when she rose up, and stopt my proceeding——— You see what sense and power of argument I have to combat with; she foils me in every thing, till I am quite in astonishment at her understanding.

But I must not expect my friend can be prejudiced, like me, in favour of my mistress, and of course this letter is filled enough with her. And having no other subject in my mind, I have the honesty to suffer no other to flow from my pen.

Adieu.

I remain, &c.

P. CHETWIN.

P. S. I have corresponded some time with Forrester, but have of late received such trifling, strange answers, that I have at present no great dependance on his friendship. Tell me if you have seen him.

LETTER XIX.

Mr. EDGERTON to Colonel FORRESTER.

HEAVEN at last smiles upon me, my friend — benignly smiles! and soon shall I be extricated from all the knaves and villains with whom I have been so damnably incumbered. Could I but give them one kick, and whirl them swift to hell, 'twould be a glorious stroke——Wife and all!—Fifteen hundred a year! Admirable sport!——The change in my circumstances will be capital——and you may congratulate me on the fact, for it is now past an uncertainty. All matters of law and settlements have succeeded to my wish, and I have proposed to the old fellow, that the marriage may be solemnised at his seat in Buckinghamshire, which he agreed to with great pleasure, as that will give him a glorious opportunity of making all his tenants and the village capitally drunk. The journey is fixed. Miss a most easy, complying flame——

* * * *

Rickswell, Bucks.

We are arrived——a vile jangling of bells and drunken halloos at our coming. Before I left town, I had a meeting of a parcel of my principal creditors——they are the vilest vermin existing——gave in the amount of their demands, and swore positively they would not stay a week for their money after I was married:~——I gave them plenty of assurances, and so took my leave.

Yesterday the old Don took me a three hours ride over some of my wife elect's farms——a tolerable country——but the farms in special order and repair, and a fine parcel of beech and oak, which will, with a little hewing and sawing, give a flow of cash that commands admirable enjoyments. “Fine trees!——Venerable groves.”——Ridiculous rubbish! Cash, women and wine! these are the pleasures of this world——Look on one side at what what such people

people call a glorious oak——a noble beech——a prodigious elm——Turn on the other, and see a purse full of gold—an angelic girl a bottle of delicious burgundy——Where is the comparison?——Such detestable dullness is fit for nought but mechanics.

* * * *

My spirits are nobly exhilarated, and with reason——This is a letter of snips and patches——but I value you as a friend, and know you interest yourself accordingly in what concerns me——To-morrow is the day——Fifteen hundred a year! Huzza!——

* * * *

Hell and confusion seize me! May all this damnable globe of villainy and deceit perish this hour——detestable, horrible hour!——But, by all the Gods, I'll be reveng'd——curse'dly reveng'd, if I perish in the attempt——Defeated——blown up——ruin'd——flying from a prison——in the jaws of knaves! Confusion seize her!——May the blackest perdition seize her!

* * * *

Newbury.

Here, I think, I am tolerably safe——I have rode like the devil to get clear from all knowledge.——if one of a hundred knaves discovers me, I am in a prison for life. If I can command my spirits for a few minutes, I will give you some idea of the damn'd trick I have been served——But revenge, if I live, shall follow.

The morning of that day, which I expected would complete my scheme, and raise me to the pinnacle of my wishes, was ushered in with every demonstration of joy: In the forenoon some strangers accidentally arrived at the village inn, sent their compliments to Mr. Carter, and hearing that a wedding was that day to be celebrated, begg'd leave to be permitted to attend at church with the bride and bridegroom. I thought this a very strange message; but the old fellow, in the fulness of his heart, return'd for answer, By all means, and desired their company at the hall to share in the festivity

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ty of the day. When the coaches arrived at the church, I saw two gentlemen and two ladies coming from the inn, but the distance was too great to distinguish whether I knew them. Just before the ceremony was performed, they came up, and paid their compliments to us, when I was greatly surprised to find one of the ladies was Miss Hervey!—A sudden chillness of apprehension ran through my soul. I knew nothing of the rest.

The clergyman of the parish began the ceremony, but was almost immediately interrupted by that devil of a vixen—"Hold, Sir—On lawful grounds, I forbid your proceeding in this sacred ceremony, so sacrilegiously abused."—The parson stared—stopp'd—and looking at me—

Pray, madam, said I, what do you mean by this piece of insolence?

Mean, Sir? (smiling with a damnation sneer) I mean that you should not be in so great a hurry to marry a new wife, before you get rid of an old one.—

An old one!—What does the fool mean? Proceed, Doctor, in the ceremony: This is a young lady I have some knowledge of—(*half whispering him*) a cast mistress!—Jealousy and envy—that's all—Proceed, Sir—

Pitiful meanness!—Your falsehoods will not avail you now—He has a wife living, Sir—

Very strange! said the parson.

Odds bobs, said the old fellow—another wife! why how's this, Mr. Edgerton?

A mere tale—The girl's mad. My wife, you know, Mr. Carter, was dead before you knew me.

Why so I think—True—You said, as how—

As how—you fool—said the young devil—The matter is as how—that you are deceived—that Edgerton is a villain—that his wife is alive, and that I will open such a scene of villainy as will amaze you.

This ridiculous jargon of lies and falsity must surely

convince ye all that the creature's mad. Doctor, proceed—I will not be put off by such a piece of knavery.

Here is no proof brought, I must own, Sir.—Mr. Carter, do you approve my going on?

Why, as long as you say there is no proof—and yet, Miss Hervey's a lady I knew at London—but as there's no proof—Why—why—e'en go on.

The parson obey'd—upon which minx put on a most assured look, and beckoning the lady with her to advance towards us—she turned to me——“Proceed, villain, at your peril”——The person stopp'd again —She then went on—“You continue to assert you have not a wife already?”

I positively do.

Then to your confusion!——Saying these words with the voice of a fiend, she lifted her hand sideways, and giving a pull at the lady's back who stood by her, off flew her bonnet, and full before me stood—hell in her eyes, and vengeance in her soul—my wife!--I started backwards, as if I had seen the devil——Had all his imps with fiery daggers made passes at my heart, I could not have been more confounded —— a pause of horror stopp'd for some time my speech—but recovering my astonishment, I recollected myself enough to say,

I am astonish'd---Petrified with amazement!--Why, thou strumpet, after my giving you your life---con-
niving at your theft---Is this the return?——

Wife.] Admirable!--given me my life!--Mark that———(to Miss Hervey.)

Miss H.] This lady then is no wife of yours?

None. She was once my— but I will not affront the company with too severe a truth. Mr. Carter, here is some villainous contrivance against me. In two words, the case is this—With shame I own having once a commerce—a criminal commerce, with this woman—A quarrel afterwards ensuing—she left my house in disgust, but not without carrying with her some valuable moveables, which I missing, had a warrant to apprehend her—She was soon in my power,
but

but I was moved by her tears and intercessions, and forgave her at the hazard of being punished myself. I afterwards heard she meditated and swore revenge—but could not imagine any other person would be seduced by her falsehoods, to enter with her into such a scheme of revenge as this.

Wife.] Amazing! ——— and have you the assurance to assert this tale for truth?

Observe, I beg you, what an air of surprise she assumes——How well she carries on the plot——All she says, with all these fine airs, are precisely what she must feign to gain credit.

Carter.] Why that's very true—A sad plot indeed—but, you baggage, your knavery must come out.

Parson.] Mr. Carter, I cannot think of going on with the ceremony, till this strange affair is cleared up.

That is very ridiculous——to delay it merely for a nonsensical tale of a cock and a bull——a mere falsity.

Wife.] No falsity, villain: but truth itself—Clear as a noon-day sun shall it break upon you, and shine to your confusion. Mr. Carter, be not so infatuated in this villain's favour—I am his wife. Delay the marriage at least —— In tenderness to your niece I have betrayed him, otherwise the action he is about well deserves the punishment the law awards.

Carter.] Odds bobs! we'll go no further in this same marriage: and yet 'tis pity to spoil sport so. Edgerton, you are a sad rascal, if this lady is your wife.

Mr. Carter, I know my innocence too well to fear a delay —— The ceremony may be deferred —— and I will convince you that this vile woman is an impostor.

We then moved homewards —— my wife elect much in the dumps at the delay. I saw clear enough that I must soon be blown up, and therefore wanted nothing further than an opportunity to move off. Besides, I liked not the complexion of the two gentlemen that attended my two devils, I suspected them to be bailiffs, and half recollected one of their faces. Soon

after we got home to the hall, I ordered one of the grooms to saddle and bridle my horse, and have him at the back gate immediately—The fellow obeyed with expedition; for I told him if he was not two minutes I would give him a guinea—in less than five minutes I was at the gate—but before I was mounted, up came the damn'd bailiffs, who ran at my bridle to stop me, but with a stout cane in my hand I struck one of them such a blow on the knuckles, that he let go his hold, and off I rode full speed, not doubting an immediate pursuit. I did not draw but the first five and twenty miles, which I rode in less than two hours.—I then struck across the country hither, and the moment a machine passes, which I expect every minute, shall set off for London, for I am so damnably reduced, that a chaise is above my pocket.—

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Guilford

I did not stop one hour at London, well knowing the danger of being seen there; but the moment the coach arrived, walked a bye way as quick as possible to Westminster-bridge, which crossing, I took the Portsmouth road, designing to get up again on the first machine that passed me, which I accordingly did, and arrived here; where I propose taking breath a little—for I think I am sufficiently out of their knowledge and reach.

Am I not a confounded unfortunate dog—To be kick'd down in this vile manner from the top of all my hopes—Oh! if I have but an opportunity to grasp revenge—but I must away, or perdition waits me.

Adieu. Yours,

R. EDGERTON.

LETTER XX.

Miss HERVEY to Miss CHETWYN.

MY scheme has taken effect: Edgerton is in goal — He carried on his plan with full-wing'd villainy to the very altar; there his wife discovered herself — he denied her, and trumped up a lie, accusing her of theft, and having been a profligate—but guilt sat in his countenance throned in astonishment — The ceremony was stopp'd, and soon after the rascal mounted his horse and rode off. Nothing could happen more unlucky — I had procured a bailiff and one of his creditors, in disguise, to attend us, that his person might be secured — but they scarcely had missed him, before, on running out, he was seen riding off in full speed. One Merritt, an attorney, soon discovered him to be at Portsmouth, where he arrested him for four hundred pounds, and he is at present in jeopardy. The fellow is so great a villain, that he deserves all it is possible he can meet with — And, I think, he stands a very good chance of being confined for life; for I hear his creditors are very numerous, and dreadfully deceived, some of them almost to their ruin. — Mrs. Edgerton, to secure herself from his revenge in case unexpectedly he should escape, has sworn the peace against him: So I think we have concluded the affair gallantly and effectually to the destruction of our enemy. — I took the opportunity of my father's absence to execute the scheme — and my mother, with her usual easiness, made but few enquiries concerning my jaunt.

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My father and Mr. Sinclair are returned together; he has promised to spend a few days longer with us — which I am glad of, for I must think him a very agreeable man, and his company will make a variety not unentertaining: He is a violent favourite with my father, who appears to have the highest opinion of

his merit and understanding. Don't immediately out with your suspicions that I must be caught with a pretty fellow, because I am candid enough to own, I think him agreeable—— It is impossible a woman should fall in love with a man that makes no advances—— Affectation sometimes persuades them to believe so, but it is mere forwardness. I have too much pride to think one moment tenderly of a man that has not shewn himself my humble slave—— and it will not be the task of a moment, I can tell him, whoever he is, to prejudice me in his favour.

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I had thrown aside this paper a week, and a fit of thinking has again induced me to take up the pen. I have read my last paragraph—— what an important one! Such are the materials of my letters! But I have told you often enough, that you must take the dull——the insipid——the stupid in me, or not have the well-whipt cream of my courtly liveliness.

This Mr. Sinclair is a very provoking fellow. He stays another week; and is—— I don't know how—to me—— would persuade me I have made a sure conquest of his heart—— Does not tell me so, child—— but I read it in his eyes—— his manner—— his—— in short—— But I won't gratify your curiosity—— I'll stop here—— that's poss.—— I should run into a very lively strain, but here's poor Mrs. Edgerton sits by me in a doleful queue—— and makes me melancholy with her leaden looks. She talks of going down into Devonshire again—— She is shocked at the horrible situation of her husband, and yet dreads his escape, for she knows his revenge would immediately burst on her head. I laugh her out of her folly as much as I can—— notwithstanding my being well assured the villain would attempt any thing to gratify his revenge, and myself would be an object as well as his wife.—— I begin, however, to suspect that her grief has more of affectation than reality in it—— not from any inconsistency in her behaviour before me, but from accidentally coming upon her unforeseen at Mrs. Hay's assembly

bly the other night—— She was in high spirits in a corner, with two gentlemen by her of a fashionable appearance, laughing with great vivacity, and seemingly much to their entertainment. She did not at first observe my coming into the room; when she saw me, she was struck with a something of confusion, which shewed she had rather the rencountre had not happened. And now it occurs to my attention that she is a wonderful good manager in money matters; for I know from her own mouth that her certainties do not exceed a hundred a year—— and yet her present way of living bears more the appearance of five. Don't immediately tax me with scandalous suspicions——for Heaven knows, I would not wrong her in the slightest idea——but for the life of me, I can never behold the most trifling confusion and jealousy at being seen in any company, *without* suspicion. I value her company greatly; for a lively and most agreeable companion she is, and one I should be loth to lose.

Adieu, my dearest: I conclude this *scrap*, impatient for a *letter* in return from you.

C. HERVEY.



LETTER XXI.

Miss CHETWIN to Miss HERVEY.

YOU see, my dearest Kitty, that I never wait for your letters before I write myself. Such punctilio never enters my thoughts——for the moment I have the slightest subject for six lines, they are immediately committed to paper.

I mentioned Mr. Francis coming to lodge in the same house with us, in my last——but I could not then give you my sentiments concerning him. As my father and him have been very intimate since, I can now speak a little further of what appears to me in his character. He is extremely agreeable and sensible, and has a remarkable good judgment.——Indeed the *prudence* conspicuous in his opinions, as they appear in conversation, is striking. My father says he has seldom met with a man of his years that was better acquainted with the world——or that had adopted more just ideas. When he pleases to be lively, he is entertaining enough.

You may easily suppose such an acquaintance makes this solitary place much more agreeable than it otherwise would be, especially as he is so fond of music. We play together frequently, and he compliments me much upon my execution——*Compliment* it is, I suppose. As soon as he understood my brother was absent in so strange a manner——he expressed great surprise at the length of his absence, and wondered we did not take some measures to know how the case really was: And turning to my father, “I wonder, Sir——you are not a little anxious about your son’s safety.”

Why, Mr. Francis, his sister hears from him now and then, and it is his constant and positive desire, to have no other intercourse with any one.

That desire is remarkably strange, and looks very much like some constraint he may be under——I should

should a little question the reality of such a conduct.

My son's curiosity led him into America with design only to make a few excursions about the finest part of the country, and then return to England; he had no intention, like mine, of settling here, a plan which would have pleased me greatly: now this retirement of his, looks like a predilection in favour of the country, and gives me hope of his making it his residence. This induces me not to think of disturbing him.

But surely, Sir, you might manage by some means or other to discover, without his knowing it, what the real charm is, that so captivates him in his retirement——and also to be satisfied that his stay is truly free and voluntary, with no deceit, forgery, or foul play.

“Mr. Francis,” said I, “my brother is most assuredly pleased with his situation——there can be no deceit——I know his hand-writing too well to be deceived in that, and the circumstances and people he mentions in his letters are strong proofs of what I say. Besides, who in that desert, solitary country, could think it worth while to form such a complicated plot against him? I must own, in my opinion, it would not be treating him well, after such strict injunctions, to let any one go to him——he may have very good reasons for desiring the contrary.”

What you observe, Madam, is perfectly just——and if you could not gain the desired certainty without discovering your intention to him, I should entirely agree with you—but I am very confident the knowledge might be gained unknown to him.

I cannot agree with you in that, Sir. My son's retirement is infinitely difficult to find---I might almost say impossible, for I'll answer for it his servant dares not, on any consideration, discover it.

I thought I once heard you, Madam, mention your brother's being attended with two or three Indians, besides his servant?

I question whether those Indians could be found ---and if found, whether they would be guides to the place

place—and I much question, whether my son's present situation could be discovered without his perceiving it.

That must depend on the dexterity with which it was managed. Was he a relation of mine, I am sure I should never be easy until I certainly knew the truth. There is something so very unaccountable in the circumstances of the affair, that I cannot help having many suspicions.

My father was not convinced with all Mr. Francis's reasons—I own I am a little of his opinion—he has since conversed two or three times with me about it, and expresses a great desire to know that my brother is safe. He is a very humane, good natured man, and speaks rationally on every thing. I must own, Kitty, that I have an exceeding opinion of his judgment——which arises not a little from my approving his sentiments in general. He begins, I think, to take rather more than common notice of me—is seldom easy without we are at our music together, and seems to take great pleasure in my company. Don't accuse me of vanity, for you know my dear I am not in general apt to fall into that vice——but really I like Mr. Francis's company much—not merely because he likes mine, but I take him to be a virtuous, well meaning young man without that insipidity of character which you say is always joined to what the world thinks *good young men*. However, Mr. Francis is no very young man, but old enough to conduct himself on principle and experience.—You need not be surprized if in a letter or two I tell you——but not so quick.

* * * *

'Tis a week since I blotted any part of this paper—let me see what I left off with.——Not so quick, did I say?——How little do we know ourselves!——Oh! my Kitty, this Mr. Francis is the most amiable man in the world——He has been much with me of late, and takes great pains to influence my mind in his favour——He even ventured, Kitty, to kiss my hand—with fervency too—What am I to think of this? I wish my
father

father knew it----but he has the greatest opinion of Mr. Francis in the world, and therefore can never blame me for following his example----I must own he is very agreeable to me---Here he comes---I must leave off.

* * * *

Another meeting!--and too much like the former----I wish in Heaven I had never seen his face. Is it not an amazing weakness to be so eager to rush into an agreeable friendship with a man so remarkably formed for promoting it---and then be all in a flurry and alarm at finding the wishes of one's heart accomplished? I have a thousand thoughts all rushing into my head at once, the very offspring of confusion. I know not what I would have; but I heartily wish I had been blessed with your lively sprightliness of temper; for I am now convinced, that it is on such grave, melancholic minds the passion takes the deepest root. How frank I am, Kitty! I cannot be otherwise to you---

* * * *

We have had another conversation with Mr. Francis about my brother; he has convinced me completely, that it is very imprudent to let him alone to his fate in so wild a country, and my father is now of his opinion, and Mr. Francis has been so exceedingly obliging, as to offer to undertake the journey alone, and manage the whole affair; and he says he is confident he shall be able to discover whether my brother is safe or not, without himself being perceived. My father thinks himself much indebted to Mr. Francis for this very kind offer, and next week he sets out.

* * * *

I can conceal nothing from you, my Kitty---and feel infinitely heavy the misfortune of not being blessed with your company----I want your advice more a thousand times than I can express. Mr. Francis has declared an eternal love to me---and I have been weak enough----I must own it----to make a full return to his passion----He talks to me of nothing but marriage----lays he shall take the first opportunity of laying his affairs before my father, and asking his consent----I can delay no longer

er the satisfaction of hearing from you---and as sending this letter may hasten the return of one, I conclude myself, &c.

H. CHETWYN.

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X3

LETTER XXII.

MR. SINCLAIR to Sir Philip CHETWYN.

NOTHING could give me more pleasure than my friend's letter: I find him therein the same worthy fellow I valued so much when personally acquainted. Your adventure is indeed very singular, and much surprized me; but positively, Chetwyn, you *must* persuade her to leave her dearly beloved woods, and bring her to England—be married immediately, and by settling on your estate, convince her that there is such a thing as permanent possessions in England. But she is more than a match for you in argument—at least you are fascinated when you oppose her sentiments, and are diffident of contradicting the ideas of your divinity—a divinity she must be—a curiosity uncommon and truly wonderful—or lastly, you are of her opinion, and prefer your retirement to your native country, wanting her to leave it only that you may call her your's. I see plainly this is the case with you—your living with the object of your affection has endear'd every object around to you—you are in love with the place—with the rural occupations—and with the simplicity of your life in general:—this blinds your reason, and you forget the purpose which Providence designed you should fulfil, by placing you in the midst of society: Here lies the strength of the argument—*General benevolence!* my friend.

I shall expect soon to hear you declaim in the language of a very hermit—you approach nearly to it already.—Your sentiments, methinks, are poetical—prithce pen me a stanza or two on the philosophy of quitting London and all its joys for your retirement—with a stroke or two at the beauty of your mistress. When I was at Eton, I could have toss'd off a dozen in two hours—But blank verse will suit it best—let me see—I will begin the business for you.

Farewell the busy scenes of noisy life!
The slippery paths of ambitious greatness.

How

How poetical that is! but you know, there should be climax in all things.

The trifling vain rewards of wanton folly,
Those charms which wretched London can produce
To please the pamper'd mind. Remov'd from that
Dread whirlpool of contagious wretchedness;
Let me now taste indulgent Nature's charms
(Kind parent of each heart-felt joy!) scatter'd
With smiling plenty, o'er a land, blooming
With pictur'd features————

Pictur'd features! a stroke that, elegant enough!

———— From scenes of artless
Industry, where the goddess Nature reigns
Amidst her rural elegance, let my
Numbers flow, expressive of a fond heart
Breathing the melody of silent love.

Not amiss, I think, for your love is silent enough.
Now for an address to your Camera---It must be wound
up to a fine enchantment of beauty.

Oh! fairest of the fair! Can the glowing pen
Of ardent love dwell coldly on those charms,
Whose potent magic most bewitching rears
Th' enchanting fabric of delusive passion?
No: My impassion'd soul would catch at Heav'n
For sounds that breath'd the tender eloquence,
Which melting, warbles from the tongue of love,
Such words as stealing music's soft powers,
Might give description harmony divine.

These distant glances at a metaphor highly necessary
---something of music and painting should always come
in---Poetry is nothing without it---*Ut pictura poesis erit*,
you know.---That sciap, however, should have made a
note with a handsome * star---or § pothook before it.

And,

And, like the vivid colours of a Titian,
Strike the awaken'd senses with beaming
Brightness, living in each line——

And then you must ——but hold, if I get into the poetic vein, I may rattle you over as much blank verse as would form a *Job*, or *King Arthur*.

But joking and poetry apart—I think you should not let so unusual an accident escape without turning it to lasting advantage: If you find that the same elegant retirement, which you now enjoy, is necessary to your future happiness—by all means persuade your Emmera, at least to take one journey to your father's—have the parson ready—be married—and return to your hermitage immediately for life. You have a noble income, which will enable you to add a multitude of enjoyments to your retirement; and if by degrees your fair one is reconciled a little to mankind, why you may begin with having a friend with you, and from that proceed to the world itself, if you should then have such a desire; This would be my plan. As to the point of making Emmera your wife, I agree with you entirely in it——By your description she is an immense treasure—such an one as you can never have an idea of meeting with again— I cannot but consider her as a most uncommon curiosity, which demands all the attention the warmest love can give.

I am free in giving you advice, while I am in equal want of it myself: Be as friendly to me as I have been ineffectually so to you. I am become acquainted with a Miss Hervey, a friend of your sister's. I was at first quite charmed with her agreeable liveliness, and having been much in her company since, am grown most horribly in love with her. Her father has taken somewhat more than common notice of me——but I fear he will not think me grateful in the return I make to his civility and good opinion, if I attempt to secure his daughter's affections unknown to him. But here does not lie the difficulty—for you must know, that I am deeply engaged in another affair, which lately gave me infinite

and unbounded happiness, but now wrings my heart with torture.

I believe it was after I parted with you in Italy, that accident threw me into the company of Signora Hemietta Mancini. The conversations I engaged in with her, convinced me that she had a mind of no common stamp—her accomplishments were numerous and completely elegant—her wit lively, but solid, her judgment penetrating and exact. I admired the amiableness of her disposition no less than I contemplated with admiration the extreme beauty of her person. I scarce perceived a fault in her, till I found the religion of her country was one standing object of her ridicule and scorn, whenever she could safely give vent to her sarcasms. I thought it a most remarkable trait in her character, and made me almost disbelieve her being an Italian. Frequent meetings brought on a mutual inclination, which soon became on my side a violent passion, and I had no reason to believe a cold return on her's. I loved her to excess---beyond all bounds of moderation; and the warmth of her heart, meeting with ardor in mine, we trespassed the bounds of virtue, and our love from that moment was no longer innocent.

Possession, however, did not lower the affection which this extraordinary woman had raised in my soul. She had too many charms of mind, as well as body---too many resources of enchanting elegance to suffer my love to grow languid after such an indulgence of our desires. I continued to doat on her to distraction, and offered a thousand times to make her mine for ever---but she absolutely refused all ties but those of the heart---saying the life of honour was the only one founded in reason; nor could she bear the idea of being so unchangeably connected with a man, when his affection no longer continued. She ridiculed matrimony, and every principle on which it is founded, with a severity of satire that shewed her abhorrence. From that time, the connection between us grew extremely intimate; we lived constantly together, and she accompanied me the remainder of my travels. I reaped no small benefits from
her

conversation, and the remarks she made on a variety of objects she beheld, and the manners of all the people through whose countries we travelled.

On my arrival in England, I hired a handsome lodging for her in London, and continued to live with her in the most pleasing intimacy: but it is not long since I have observed, that she dislikes the country and the people in general, and that some disgusts of, I know not what, had entered her mind; but what affected me much more, was a haughtiness of temper which began to appear, and which sometimes broke out even to me. However, all this scarcely affected my passion, and I continued to love her with great warmth of affection.

Accident threw me into the company of Miss Hervey: I was acquainted with her father, and by that means, without any design, was on a visit at his house: I was insensibly led to observe the daughter, and could not but admire an extreme sprightliness most agreeably mixed with good sense, and an amiable temper: I presently felt a something like love, and succeeding meetings completed the conquest of my heart.

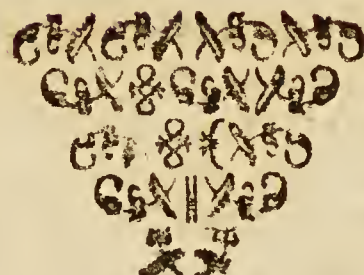
Such is the present state of my mind: a miserable one enough—Give me your advice, my friend, for never did I stand so much in need of it: a million of tormenting reproaches sting me to the heart. I hate and detest myself—I have the meanest opinion of my resolution and honour that is possible. I regret the weak and dishonourable inconstancy of ceasing to love a woman of unusual merit, and whose heart I have long possessed, on being caught like a child by a new face: I feel the meanness of this conduct in its fullest extent, but have not the courage to pluck it from my soul: However inconstant---however fickle may be the mind of an irresolute man, yet the passion of the day is the tyrant of his soul, and while the fit lasts, he feels the same as violently as him whose soul rejects every attack but one. This is a truth I experience myself. I did not believe I had a grain of inconstancy about me, and miserable I am to find, that I have the same weakness which I should have ridiculed in others.

40 THE FAIR AMERICAN.

with all the severity I was master of. For Heaven's
sake, write me a line of consolation; and yet what an
age it must be before I can receive it!

Adieu, my friend: I am, &c.

H. SINCLAIR



LETTER XXIII.

Str Philip CHETWYN to Mr. SINCLAIR.

HEAVENS and earth! my friend, what will become of me!--Doom'd, body and soul, to perdition!—I fell all the horrors of the rack tearing every nerve, and torturing my soul! My Emmera! my lovely Emmera! my charming, amiable pattern of more than human excellence—Good Heaven!--My soul! Never can I survive the loss. Oh! Sinclair! pity the wretchedest mortal that ever breath'd the air of misery. I cannot survive it——No——I must die with anguish——Shine not, bright sun!——The world is darkness all to me!——

* * * *

I am just dead with wretchedness. Oh! Sinclair! I have lost her——Perdition seize the villain——I can scarce bear the writing this horrible stroke.

Yesterday morning, when I had brought up the cows for my charming Emmera to milk, I left her for scarce a quarter of an hour, to go to the barn on some trifling business: when I returned, I missed her---a little surprized at not seeing her, I walked to the house. No Emmera---Shocked at this, I called her several times: no answer. Her business just at milking-time was so regular, that I was convinced some dreadful accident had happened---I ran about wild with fury---I posted immediately towards the hill, over which I had at first entered this retirement—As I went, I cast a piercing look around, calling all the way, but no signs of my Emmera. I scaled the hill in an instant, and descending on the other side, quickly penetrated the thickets; and mounting a little eminence which gave me a view of the adjacent valley——Death and distraction! what was the anguish of my soul, on seeing three horsemen scouring off at no great distance from me, my dearest charmer visibly held by force before one of the villains. Gods! what fury, horror and despair seized

my very vitals!—I ran with unbounded rage after the hell-hounds—but in a few minutes they were out of sight, and convinced me a pursuit was vain: A dark cloud of terror overspread my soul—I thought the hand of death had seized me—the world disappeared—a tremor shook my whole frame—I sunk upon the earth—a fit, I suppose, ensued, for I felt strangely on recovering my legs. — As soon as I had the power of thought, I began to consider what course to take: I determined to make a signal to my neighbours, the Indians, in hopes that some among them would speedily come to my relief. I did it immediately—For four hours I was the prey of every cruel and terrible idea the human mind is capable of receiving—— then, for the first moment, did I feel to what excess of passion I loved my dear—lost Emmet! Just Heaven! what anguish of soul, to be hurl'd from a state of happiness and pleasure down to bottomless perdition! to tenfold wretchedness and black despair!

In the midst of a miserable reverie of sorrow, I cast an accidental eye on some white on the trunk of a tree; walked to it, and perceived it to be a letter stuck on, directed to me. I opened it with eager hands—the following is a copy.

“ Despicable Fellow!

“ You wronged me with your sister, while you pretended friendship. I swore revenge, and now I have it. Know; that the man lives not in peace that injures me—nor shall that minx, who had the impudence to refuse me, have reason to rejoice. 'Tis I that strike this dagger to your soul. Revenge! Revenge! Yours with contempt,

FORRESTER.”

Revenge!—Yes; Revenge shall also be mine thou vile serpent of hell. From that moment I vowed it. —and to fly through every clime, rather than let the villain meet with death but at my hand. I was wound up to such a pitch of fury at his cursed plot, that had he

he been in my power, I believe I could have seen him rack'd with pleasure. But the idea of revenge gave some little respite to that tide of wretchedness which flowed so fast upon my soul.

In about four hours came five Indians:---one of them had a little English: I made him understand my loss---there needed no prayers or intreaties; the worthy creatures felt my sorrow deeply, which, joined to their own affection for my Emmeira, made them eager for the pursuit. I shewed them the track taken by my enemy, and told them when he fled. They returned home for arms, and to take a shorter cut across the country, assuring me, that I need not fear their rescuing their Queen, so they called my dear, lost angel.---Their assurances gave me a little glimmering of hope---for these people are so amazingly expeditious---so wonderfully sagacious, and so indefatigably persevering, that I think there is some chance of their overtaking the villain. Heaven grant they may do it before any violence --- Oh! ~~a~~ cursed thought! Oh! wretched Chetwyn---Impossible---it cannot be. I long'd ardently to accompany my friends, the Indians, but could not; I should have been left behind in an hour's time. Could I but meet the dog point to point---'tis all I hope for!

* * * *

Six hours have they been gone, and not returned; I fear not their heartiness in my cause, but doubt much whether it is possible they should overtake them. Oh! Sinclair! this villain Forrester, this treacherous smiling villain! who could have suspected such base, ungrounded revenge! I had an opinion of his sincerity, and engaged in a friendship with him---but did not think him a man any ways qualified for making a good husband to a virtuous woman---he offered to my sister, and I was against the match; but merely gave her my opinion; however, it was the same as her own, and his suit was genteely rejected: I had no conception that he should not continue my friend, notwithstanding this

but

but it is plain his ideas were far different, and a mean, cowardly revenge he has taken.

* * * *

One of the Indians returned, brings the heavenly news of my Emmera's being rescued.—Thanks to the Gods! Oh! Sinclair, share my joy—It is unbounded! Vast and capacious happiness! My soul dilates with thrilling extacy! The villain has escaped---that's a bad stroke, but his two instruments of revenge breath'd their last under the hands of my faithful Indians———Oh! had I but a kingdom to bestow! all they should enjoy. My heavenly charmer is at an Indian house in her way home, greatly fatigued with the horrid attack; but she will come home as soon as possible; however, I am this moment setting out to meet her.

* * * *

Oh! my friend! never was there such a meeting! The moment I cast my eyes on my lovely Emmera, I ran and clasped her with eagerness in my arms—I scarce fetch'd my breath for extacy of joy——“ Oh! my Emmera! my Emmera!——Do I see thee again!”——The lovely, amiable innocent was herself affected with sentiments, which dropt like the balm of heaven to my soul---Her eyes spoke the language of tenderness---She was silent for some minutes---I saw a tear of gladness steal down her cheek; I kissed it away---I press'd her hand to my lips——“ Never! never will we part again!”

“ This is a happy meeting Mr. Chetwyn, we will part no more.”——She said this with a sweet, melting tenderness, that lifted my very soul to Heaven. I clasp'd her again in my arms, and could have died there with pleasure. Seeing me thus ardent in my joy, she propos'd our going home, which I acquiesced in: The scene was agreeable as can be conceived, several Indians were around us, who eyed us with the most unfeigned satisfaction---and poured a thousand benedictions on our heads---wishing us eternal happiness---and swearing ever to defend us. I purposely carried
with

with me several presents, which I distributed unsparingly among them, commending them in case of any want which I could assist them in removing, to apply to me without reserve. We parted perfectly good friends---we full of sentiments of gratitude, and they of admiration at our affection for each other-----When we got to our retirement,

Oh! my Emmera! what an accident it was!

Heaven be praised, my friend, that I escaped so well. Great God! what might I have suffered!

Speak not of it--my soul is on the rack at the very idea! Did it not hurt you, my Emmera, independent of your danger, to be parted at once from me-----from the companion of-----

You know, Mr. Chetwyn, (*blushing*) I value your company too much not to have regretted its loss.

Oh! my amiable Emmera, did you but know what horrible terrors of all that's dreadful came full upon my soul, when I saw you carried from me with such violence---Good God! what did I feel! But tell me, my dearest, in what manner was you carried off?

Your back was scarce turned before I saw three men approaching swiftly towards me; I was a good deal alarmed at the sight, and before I could think of running away, one of them, the master of the rest, seized me rudely by the arm---and pulling me after him "You must follow me."-----I was so astonished, that for some time I had not the power of speech. But when I had recovered my surprize, I said, "For Heaven's sake, man, what is the meaning of this violence?" and being irritated at it, withdrew my arm in a passion. He looked at me with the eye of villainy and contempt---and one of his attendants took hold of my other arm, and thus they hurried me away, and over the cliff; horses were there ready--one of the villains then tied my hands behind me in a brutal manner, and taking me before him on horseback, as he would have done a sack of corn, galloped off, to my great pain of body as well as mind-----then it was that I saw you on the hill--Good God! what was the anguish

guish of my soul! Oh! Mr. Chetwyn, never more will we be parted so —

My heavenly angel! that word speaks blessings to my soul! Oh! Emmera, my life's best hope, my only joy! — continue to have these sentiments, and I shall be happy indeed.

But, Mr. Chetwyn, does not this adventure shew you what your world is? What a wretch must this fellow be to form such a design, and on what account I cannot conceive —

But, my Emmera, in what manner did our worthy Indians release you?

My persecutors mistook their way, I suppose, for they got among some impenetrable thickets, where the Indians overtook us---The leader of the gang, the moment he perceived he was pursued, galloped off full speed to a distant opening between two woods; the two fellows would have done the same, but not being so well mounted, one of them threw me down, and they were overtaken; they drew each a pistol, which they fired at the Indians, but did not hurt them, who returned their fire by rushing in and cutting them both in pieces with their broad swords. I believe I forgot to tell you, that one of them was the man who attended you when first I saw you.

Heaven reward the good Indians for this piece of humanity. That villain, who escaped their punishment, was once a friend of mine---here is a letter I found against a tree from him, after you was gone. He discovered that I was against his design, and, you see, vowed revenge---and the means he used was to bribe that servant of mine.

Indeed, Mr. Chetwyn, was I to become acquainted with the world, man by man, in almost any manner, I should have reiterated reasons to detest it---Do you not think that this adventure adds new strength to my former opinions?

I am not surprized at your thinking so, my dearest.

It would be very strange if you was. But now I doubt we may have reason daily to fear some such attempts

tempts as these, for all your old enemies in England may come hither to be revenged on you. What a sad thing it is, Mr. Chetwyn, that I cannot become the least acquainted with a man of the world like you, but I must immediately be open to a thousand insults!

Fear them no more, my loveliest Emmera---the only villainous servant that knows the way to this retreat is dead; and as to Forrester, he will never more venture so near his destruction---Such wretches are ever of cowardly souls---he will not be long in America, I'll answer for it. But tell me, my Emmera, have you suffered no violence from the villains? Did not the arch wretch insult you in any manner?

My fears, and the bruises I received in being so pinnioned on horseback was all the mischief I received, thank Heaven! Your false friend was in such a violent hurry, that he scarce open'd his lips to me.

Never, my dearest Emmera! never more will we be parted. Just Heaven, what has been my agony of soul, at losing in one cruel moment the most precious jewel that ever fell to the lot of man! No, my fair queen of all that's amiable, you shall not again be torn from me in that manner; there is no fear of a second attack---but nevertheless, I shall be more cautious of leaving you for the future; and as there is only one entrance to this sweet valley, I will to-morrow view it narrowly, and contrive to render it impassable to any but ourselves ---

And ourselves too, Mr. Chetwyn. Why not?

My dearest Emmera, you know my sentiments of that. I have often said that I would never persuade you to a conduct that continued contrary to your inclinations---and I shall ever assert, that this elegant retirement is infinitely pleasing to me---Never shall I wish for any company but your's---never sigh for any other mortal---Oh! my Emmera, such is the unbounded love with which I adore, that in you I behold all that is or ever can be dear to me. Why will you not---

A truce, my friend! No further on pain of my dis-

pleasure

pleasure——Come ; let us forget the accident that occasioned this conversation.——

Such are the over-cautious evasions of this sweet creature, too amiable for my repose in my present situation. My sister, I dare say, will contrive some means of receiving my letters without endangering me to a second attack ; I shall therefore lodge them as usual, and let me hear from you as soon as you can ; and if Forrester returns to England, give me as early intelligence of it as you can procure.

Adieu, my friend,

I remain, &c.

P. CHETWIN.



LETTER XXIV.

Miss CHETWYN to Miss HERVEY.

SO my friend is caught as well as myself.—Pray Heaven she meet with less mischief than I have done. Oh! Kitty, what a wound has my very soul received! Alas! that I could be so complete a fool!

This Mr. Francis!—I wrote you, that he was going to see if he could make any discovery of the real situation of my brother. He did, and soon returned: He came immediately into the parlour to me.—Somewhat surprized at his expedition—I was beginning to question him—but he said,

Don't be in a hurry, my Lucy—I left you at a time when my heart sunk within me at the idea of being parted a moment from you. Tell me, my dearest, is your heart—your valuable heart, the same as when I left you? Oh! my Lucy, did you but know with what excess of love ———

Fie, Mr. Francis, wave this for the present-- You cannot think my heart should change in so short a time ———

Is it still mine then, my love? Do you love me as well as you did? ———tell me ———

How silly this is! Do not be so ———

I shall be miserable if you do not satisfy me---Tell me ——— may I be assured of your consent speedily to make you mine. I am on the rack till you satisfy me.

You know what I have often told you. Ask no more now.

Be not so cruel, my Lucy ———speak the word to give ease to my mind. Will you have me?

I satisfied him, with some little hesitation.—Oh! Kitty! I own all my weakness to you——He immediately changed his accent, and, throwing great contempt, into his countenance,

You will! Pretty, forward Miss--You will have me! Now my triumph is complete!

E

Saying

Saying this, he pulled off his wig, and slipping off, I suppose at the same time, a part of his visible face, he changed almost at once to Colonel Forrester. I was struck dumb with astonishment——Just Heaven! what terror darted to my soul! Such a deception was what I could have no idea of. The pretended Mr. Francis's features were the very reverse of that wretch Forrester's—a black wig, and large black eyebrows, &c. formed the difference.——What a horrible difference. The fiend that now stood before me, straining every feature into derision and contempt;

You consent to be married to me, my dearest, do you not?——I cannot think your heart should change so soon!—I hold you in all the contempt of which my soul is capable.—Thou poor, insignificant, despicable fool who catches with open arms the first fool that offers—Marry you!—An insignificant fellow must he be in good truth!—But I will publish this anecdote in every town in England——I will sound most pleasing to the hatred I bear you, and all your contemptible family—I'll publish it.——

You will!—(*cried my father, bursting into the room in a violent passion. Forrester had raised his voice so as to be heard by him; he listened at the door a minute with astonishment*)—You will publish it villain!—You may publish at the same time then the treatment you receive from me.——Here, John!——Will! — Harry!

The servants entered almost immediately.

Seize that rascal! Bring him to the horse-pond this minute.

The fellows hesitating; Obey me this instant! — He is a vile impostor — Bring him away.

The fellows flew at him at once, and in spite of all his struggling, master'd him, and dragging him out — followed my father to a most beastly hole, which scarce deserv'd the name of a pond, the common sewer of the house.

“In with him!” cried my father: “Give him a hearty toss!”

Three

Three labourers came to the servants assistance, and all together gave him a most glorious swing, and tofs'd him in as they would have done a kitten—notwithstanding all his threats—oaths, curses and intreaties. Oh! what pleasure did I take in seeing the villain—camper in the air—till founce he went. — The moment he got on shore, “ In with him again!” said my father. He was oebayed at once—Away he flew, to the tune of a loud halloo raised by all present. The larking was repeated a third time—more severely still—the fellows had got fresh skill at the tofs, and seem'd to relish the sport—The wretch could not keep his legs for some time when he gained the ground—he was most nobly paid off—insomuch that I question whether he will take another trip to America on such an errand. He was so bestuffed with filth and mire, that I fancy he had lost all power of utterance; he stagger'd to his horse, which hung at the gate, and walked him away, nor have we heard any thing more of him.

I must confess, I enjoyed the chastisement infinitely: The brute had treated me with such insolence and contempt and his vile scheme of deceit had so irritated me, that I could almost have seen him cut piece-meal with pleasure.

When the bustle was over, my father questioned me with great good nature about the connection I had formed with the pretended Mr. Francis. I owned everything without reserve, and told him, that the villain had fixed on a day for desiring his consent, and laying a state of his fortune before him. He heard me with a tenderness of which I shall ever retain the most grateful remembrance.

Make yourself no longer uneasy about it, my Lucy—He is a deceitful rascal, and imposed upon me as well as you: I am very sorry he should happen to make any impression on your heart, as it may be a cause of uneasiness to you, but I hope not. Despise the trick, my child—I have punished it as it deserves, and depend upon it, his tongue is tied ——— he is a cowardly fellow,

low, and dare not insult your character:—— Be not afraid of it.

This kindness of my father is the greatest consolation to me in the world; and is the strongest proof of the goodness and benevolence of his heart—What a valuable father!—— He laughs now and then at the deceit and ingenuity of the dog in playing the impostor so well upon him, and assuming sentiments of retirement, merely to get his good opinion.

But now, Kitty, do not you expect an immediate declaration, that the absurdity of my passion appearing at once to me in such strong colours, must have broke at one touch the enchantment of the whole? Would to Heaven that was the case: but, my Kitty, I am the weakest of all human creatures—Strong and self-evident as the ridicule of my passion appears, I am fool enough to let it affect me strangely—This I know must appear as the height of folly to another person—and it certainly is so. I attempt to laugh at my own simplicity—but all is in vain, I am still in love with an idea, which once had an original, but now has none. I deserve your pity as well as your contempt. For Heaven's sake do not, by any delay, add to the cruel distance between us, but let me hear from you as soon as possible.

Adieu

L. CHETWYN.



LETTER XXV.

Mr. SINCLAIR to Sir Philip CHETWYN.

Calais.

I HOPE, my dear friend, that long before you receive this, I shall have had a line or two from you, in answer to my last—But I never wait for regular answers, and the less at present, as I have some time deferred writing, being fully determined not to set pen to paper until I could give you a good account of that villain Forrester; for he landed in the west of England, as I was informed, a month ago. Whether he had any design to continue incog. I know not: but I found some difficulty in ferretting him out. As soon as I learned for certain where he was (*at Salisbury*) I took a post-chaise for that city, and the moment I arrived, sent my servant to him with the following letter; charging him not to return without a written answer.

“ Sir,

“ That friendship which you so *basely pretended* for Sir Philip Chetwyn, *really exists* in my bosom. Your *deceit* prompted you to form a mean, dirty scheme of revenge for an old imaginary injury; the success of which is well known to yourself. My *sincerity* induces me to endeavour at that just chastisement, which my friend, I am well assured, would inflict on any one out of my reach, who treated me as you have done him. As little of *The gentleman* as you have shewn in that vile affair, I shall treat you like one in this — Name your weapon, and place of combat; I only desire the time may not be longer deferred than to-morrow morning early. Your's,

H. SINCLAIR.”

His answer was as follows:

“ Sir,

“ The man who speaks to me in the stile of a gentleman shall ever receive a gentleman's answer. 'Twas

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the

the wish of my heart to measure swords with Sir Philip himself; but as you are *so friendly* as to substitute yourself in his place, I esteem it the same thing. I enter into no altercation of the affair that is past. Let the combat decide all. What weapon but that of a gentleman!---the small sword, Sir. The first field on the right hand side of *Joseph's Green* contains a chalk-pit proper for our intent. I have described it to your man. As you mention to-morrow morning, will five o'clock be agreeable? Your's,

C. FORRESTER."

I returned this billet:

" Sir,

" The weapon, place and time will be very agreeable to me. I will be punctual; and shall be attended only by my servant. Your's

H. SINCLAIR."

I was at the chalk-pit pretty exactly to the time, and my antagonist came into it a few minutes after me. We immediately stripped to our shirts, and drawing ---each threw himself into a posture of defence, which was, however, soon changed by my adversary, for he made a most gallant pass at my heart, as if to try his man; I parry'd it, and dropping my point in a feint flew at him in a desperate lunge, from which he did not escape without a slight contusion, which I observ'd by the heat of his countenance; and rather losing that coolness of blood so necessary in these affairs, he rather push'd me violently than with great skill, but I found him, notwithstanding that, an excellent swordsman. It was with the utmost difficulty I escaped being run through in the last of three passes which he made at me with astonishing swiftness; I had not agility enough to escape it entirely, for my breast was slightly graz'd---I flung myself into a defensive posture immediately, to avoid being flurry'd at that stroke, as I well knew if I then suffered my mind to be heated, victory would infallibly declare for my adversary---I receiv'd another pass, which I turn'd aside, and with all the quickness I was master of, thrust at him immediately:

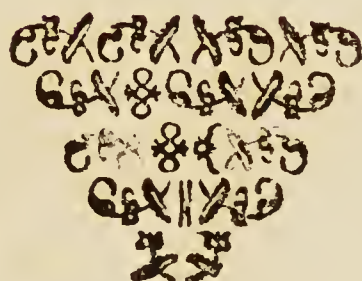
mediately:--he was on his guard in a moment; but I chang'd the point of attack, and turning his sword, ran him into the side--he stagger'd at the thrust--
 "Zounds!" cried I, "you're dead."-----"No, damme, I'll live to pierce your boy's heart"-----and clapping his hand to the wound, he attack'd me desperately, being inflamed with passion--All coolness was now at an end with him, he fought with more fury than skill, and receiving another wound in his sword-arm, he was enraged to a great degree. I warn'd him of his heat--swore he was a dead man--and call'd to him to ask his life and your pardon--"No, by G---d!" was his answer; and rushing at me, made repeated passes, which I parry'd--and I believe I could have continued on the defensive; but to play with a desperate man was dangerous-----he made one thrust which warn'd me not to wait for such another: I attack'd him in my turn, and at the third pass ran him through the body. He dropt his arm, lean'd upon his sword, and was just falling when his footman ran up, and catching him in his arms, dropp'd him gently to the ground--He would have drawn my sword but I commanded him to desist, well knowing that such an action must be his immediate execution---"For Heaven's sake, Forrester, seize this last moment for a short prayer to God!"-----His answer to me was this reprobate one---"No, damme, Sinclair, I've liv'd like a foldier, and I will not die like a whining woman. No prayers for me!"---His voice forsook him, and he expired almost directly. Heaven have mercy on his guilty soul!

I gave his servant directions for the care of his master's body, and repairing to the inn, set off post for London. I waited on my friends, told them the case---settled a few affairs, and set off in a post-chaise for Dover--embarked for this town, and landed safely. I am in hopes of not being obliged to stay from home long, for my Lord C. assured me, he should find no difficulty in waving a prosecution, if my father would

open his purse, which I know he will readily do—and gain me a pardon.

Do not, on your friendship, return one thank or compliment on this affair: I should not have an opinion of *your* friendship, if you would not do as much in such circumstances for me.

Your's, &c.
H. SINCLAIR.



LETTER XXVI.

Sir Philip CHETWYN to Mr. SINCLAIR.

I Received your letter of love and deplorable doubt, my friend, and indeed you must allow me to laugh at your situation a little---Between two fine women, both demanding the utmost attention and the sole possession of your heart. You are a very lucky fellow to be able to toss your handkerchief to the favourite among such women---but advice is what you want---I must therefore stop my pen in that path.

How is it possible I should, at this distance, give you advice on such an affair! The circumstances of the day must be your guide. The Italian lady, I can easily conceive, is no common woman; and as she has thrown herself with such unusual reliance on your honour, it would be a base action not to act towards her with the strictest decorum. But such a resolution cannot prevent your loving another woman better; nor is such a new passion an impeachment of your honour.---When she discovers the loss of your heart, you ought frankly to own the truth---tell her your affections are possessed by another, but that it is your earnest wish to part on terms of friendship---and as to any gratification in future, provided she would accept it, that is entirely in your own breast. Do not suppose I am giving you advice; I mean only to tell you what I should do in the same case.

If you have any remains of tenderness for her, I must pity your situation greatly, and I see you feel much at the idea of your inconstancy---I do not wonder at this, and time, which will throw you deeper into your new passion, must be your cure.

* * * *

Our correspondence, at present, is somewhat in the style of love-sick swains: I answer the complaint of your passion, and immediately slide into my own.

My

My dearest Emmera, since that daring attempt on her liberty, has, I think, listened with rather more attention than before to the subject of my passion. Whether the fear of such another affair has any influence on her mind---or whether she begins to be moved with sympathy at the ardent affection that has so long warm'd my bosom---I know not; but she certainly is not so speedy at stopping our conversations, when they tend that way, as she used to be.

As we were lately at the hermitage, enjoying the deliciousness of the place, and a little elegant repast, which, by contrast to our common ones, appeared infinitely charming---while our mutual pleasure and liveliness had turn'd our souls to tender ideas, my Emmera said to me,

Own to me now, Sir Philip, that your friend, the World, could never confer a retirement so sweetly elegant as this---so sequester'd --- so undisturb'd---so---

Not so quick, my fairest. I should be very ungrateful indeed if I was not to confess, that all my present happiness---all the true ideas I have of retirement, are owing to you and this place. Had I not been here, I never should have had any just notions of what charms a solitary life is capable: Exquisite and delightful has my retirement been---but, my dear Emmera, the pleasure has been owing first to you---with you I could be happy to excess in any spot upon earth---but most so in a retirement with you in England---

My dear friend, that is a contradiction in terms---A retirement in England is impossible --- We have debated that point often enough fairly---You never gave me one reason sufficient to change my opinion.

My dear Emmera, you would never give ear to all my reasons. But what would you say to me, if I was to persuade you to take a voyage to England with all possible privacy, and as soon as we landed, drive in a close chaise to my country-seat, which is as private and retired as this very spot --- There, my Emmera, we might reside without ever being known, seen, or visited by any one, if such was your pleasure. My estate is extensive,

extensive, and very woody; there are an hundred spots about it, which we might turn into hermitages, sequester'd arbours, grotts, &c.——I cannot boast of such beautiful scenes as this, but my Emmera's taste will new mold the place, and render it charming——After some little residence, if you regretted this pleasing retirement, I pawn my honour to you, that I will immediately return, and spend with you here the remainder of my days. Wherever you are, my fairest, there must I be while I have existence.

A very fine scheme, indeed! And why cannot we enjoy all the pleasures of retirement here, as well as in England? —— where, I am sure, we can never be so compleatly retired——but if we were, that is a proof we should change merely for the sake of changing —— which is but a silly scheme, Sir Philip.

The desire of happiness, which in other words, is pleasure, while innocently pursued, is rational and you may safely allow, my Emmera, that there are a thousand objects worthy of attention to be met with in a perfectly civilized country, that yield a fine lesson of morality to the heart of man, at the same time that they confer no slight pleasure to the imagination.

Lessons of morality to the heart of man! —— That is as much as to say, we should rush into temptation, and run the chance of all worldly wickedness, because the same world furnishes lessons —— Catch the disease, that we may shew our skill in curing it! My heart, Sir Philip, in my present situation, tells me it wants no lessons of morality from a vicious world —— I have heard my father say that ignorance is no bad security of innocence.

Heavens! my dearest, my conscience ought to keep me from carrying you into the world. Such beauty and such an understanding —— such penetration ——

Such —— such are the arguments of the world.

The rapidity of your conceptions, my dear Emmera, surpasses mine —— but it does not take from me my common sense. Let me ask you one question. Do you suppose that the Deity created some hundred millions of human creatures —— gave them speech, hear-
ing,

ing, understanding, and endowed them with a thousand faculties, useless but in society——placed them in a state of the most intimate society—to alleviate each other's sorrows, and to share their joys? Can you look around this vast world and see, that however various are the climates——however different the tempers, constitutions and ideas of men—yet every where they agree in this one great rule——To live in Society. Does not this my Emmera, display the design of Providence in the strongest manner? Can you to this oppose one instance—perhaps not such another in the universe? Are single instances of a partial society to be held in competition with the general system of the world's œconomy? With the universal dispensations of Omnipotence?

Oh! Sir Philip! there is a fallacy in that argument, which I should not have expected from your real sentiments. Your confounding the practice—the caprice—the villainy of mankind with the divine management; can only lead you into endless errors—By proving too much, you prove nothing at all; for you may with equal reason assert, that it is the dispensation of providence, which draws men into that close society to be met with in great cities—those receptacles of misery—of every shocking vice that can degrade the species——Those graves of humanity. These are to be found in every clime —among every people——however different the tempers, constitutions, and ideas of men—in this one point they agree; to live in great Cities. This, therefore, must be the design of the Deity.—Can any thing be more ridiculous than the supposition! Where is a greater absurdity to be found than these general maxims, founded in a private opinion! Believe me, my friend, the divine œconomy has too much of wisdom in its frame to be the father of human institutions, fashions, and caprice. Mankind have reason given them for their guide——they can have no better and this will ever teach them, that a life of retirement and innocence is as consistent with their nature as one of dissipation and luxury.

My

My dearest Emmera, I must put a conclusion to all arguments with you——You know not what the world is but you know enough of it to display a strength of reason and a penetration of mind to which I own myself hitherto a stranger ——I will allow you confute my arguments, but you do not overturn the foundation on which they were built. I admire the solidity of your reflections——and am infinitely entertained at that fund of good sense, so conspicuous in every thing you advance. Would to Heaven your father had never opened his lips to you about the world.

Those *worldly* compliments will never carry the force of reasons——and their coming at the tail of your arguments, is not to their credit. But, Sir Philip, you shall not say I am an ignorant creature, void of every thing but prejudice, and chattering away on things I do not understand. Ignorant I may be, but not deaf to the voice of reason —— Prejudiced I know I must be in favour of a retirement, which has proved so happy to me—but I will allow the world may be better than the idea I have of it will permit me to think.

Condescend then, my charming Emmera, to allow that we could live happily in England as well as in America.

I do not doubt it. But the one is a certainty---You cannot call the other any thing more than a probability.

Promise me, my dearest, at least to make the trial; I will at the same time swear to return with you the moment you desire it.

No promises, for the world. I am full of terrors at the very idea: nor would that idea, ever from my own suggestions, have entered my mind. Believe me, I think of the possibility of such a conduct, merely because you teize me so much about it, and are *so unhappy here*.——

Say not that wicked word, my cruel fair—I cannot be unhappy while blessed with your company; I only wish to have you try both lives, and then prefer which pleases you best.

F

Well,

Well, Sir: I will consider of it. But expect an absolute determination never to leave this charming retirement — Then you cannot be disappointed. But let me conjure you, if such should be my resolution, not to render your future life unhappy in banishing yourself from a world which has so many ties to render itself agreeable, in favour of me who can manage to live quite by myself — entirely solitary; though I had rather never have seen you —

She spoke these words in a faltering, pathetic manner, with tears almost in her eyes—I caught hold of her hand, and dropping on my knees before her bath'd it with my tears —

No — thou adorable angel — the blessed pattern of super-human excellence — Never — never will I leave you one moment; but with the most constant, endless passion, be eternally your slave — Oh! Emmera! — Oh! my dearest—only companion—why will you not return the truest — most ardent passion that ever warm'd a human breast!

Alas! Sir Philip, why will you use a language I cannot, must not hear? — Do not, for Heaven's sake, do not take advantage of my situation — Be content to know, that I value you infinitely beyond the idea of all other men — You know not how much I esteem you —

Esteem me — Emmera —

Be not captious at a word: You know not with what — affection — I —

Oh! Sinclair! what blushes and confusion! what painting of the modest soul! — Heavens! the extatic sound yet vibrates to my listening ears—and soothes me with soul-enchanting harmony. 'Twas a sweet turn in her affection which I ne'er knew till then—and fill'd me with heavenly hopes.

My Emmera! my life's best joy! my only love! This moment do I swear eternal constancy to that fair soul which does illumine mine! Never will I, in thought, word or deed, offend against your slightest wish — but let my life flow one continued stream of
love,

love, fidelity and joy! Most amiable woman!——most lovely of mortals!

I could have run on for ever, but the dear angel arose from her seat to recover her little confusion, and hinted that it was time to go. This has been a day, indeed! I will pursue my advantage---and, if possible, bring this angelic creature to consent to make me capitally happy. Cor! I but call her mine! Oh, Sinclair! how my heart beats at the very idea!

* * * *

By slight degrees, I have brought my dear Emme a to think a little about leaving this retirement, at least for a time —— She does not suppose that I discover her thoughts —— but, nevertheless, I think I am not mistaken. This morning, while I was conversing with her about those conveniencies in the world, which are of the greatest use in such a retirement as this ---- she said,

What was your father's design, Sir Philip, in leaving England, with his family, to make so long a stay in America? I doubt he has as bad an opinion of the world as myself.

My father, madam, had an idea of purchasing an estate in our colonies to good advantage: He was fond of the descriptions he had heard of the country, and had a great curiosity to see it.

And has he purchased?

Not yet. He did not care entirely to fix before he was visibly assured that the country and climate would answer his expectations. He therefore lodges at present at the house of a considerable planter at a back settlement, from whence he makes excursions to view the country.

Did you not once mention a sister of your's that was with him?

My sister and servants compose his present family.

But surely, such a life to her must be very melancholy; for your father, I suppose, is generally out, and she has been used to a very different one.

To most women it would: but my sister, Emmera, has a little of your disposition in her; she cares not the least for a life of dissipation and company, but is very contented with her present situation. She is fond of reading, and passionately so of music—and those two amusements, with the correspondence she carries on with her friends in England, do not leave her much tedious time.

To me, that appears a strange life: Continued reading must soon exhaust the attention, and pain one's faculties—besides, what numbers of books are necessary—and I have often heard my father complain of the extreme poverty of most that have been published: I cannot but think he would have brought all the really good ones with him to his retirement. As to music, my ideas are certainly very confined, and he never gave me any but very slight explanations, always however adding, that the charming melody of the little feather'd musicians infinitely exceeded the sounds of art.

Your father, my Emmera, was a little prejudiced in every thing relative to the world—but in nothing more so than music—for it is most certainly the most divine amusement we have any conception of—and those who are masters of it all agree that no entertainment is so constantly agreeable. It never cloy.

But, Sir Philip, if it is so, still that and reading can only employ the mind—and but very slightly any part of the body. What wholesome labour and exercise does your sister take? Or is she like the ladies in general, who do nothing but sit still and sleep?

No labour, my dear Emmera: but she walks for exercise.

Where does she walk to?

Only for the pleasure of the walk.

What for no business--no employment? That is very strange. Surely there is no living an agreeable, healthy life, without some rural business--My father told me, the ladies of the world in general had neither health nor spirits--but I thought your sister--

She

She was never used to any thing of that kind; and yet, my Emmera, she has both, and I would answer for your thinking her a sensible agreeable woman, and no flighty fine lady of the world.

What would become of my health, my spirits,—— and indeed every thing agreeable to me, if I was to lead such a life! Reading and music!—— A little may be very well! — but not that little, if previous labour did not render it acceptable. Every lady surely should at least cultivate a little garden —— or one field, to save them the fatigue of walking for the sake of walking —— and sleeping to pass their time.—— But by your description of your sister, I believe I should like her conversation very well.

My charming Emmera, I am sure you would —— and why not go and pay her a visit, and give her a little advice to change her life for one more rational?

Ah! Sir Philip! —— To be sure she would take my advice —— I understand you. You want me very much to lead the same life ——

No, by Heaven! I would not have you for the universe; and let us live where we will, our life and employment shall be the same. But, my dear Emmera, consent to a short visit at least ——

I---I---Don't forfeit your promise, Sir Philip Chetwyn---I will consider of it.

Jove! Sinclair! if I could but bring her to it!---But I will not despair---She broke the conversation off---But I shall re-assume it as soon as possible.

* * * *

Heavens! my friend! Emmera——the charming Emmera, consents to leave this retirement! to pay a visit to my sister! —— Now is the happy moment come! now, Sinclair, I am a man! Kind, consenting, angelic creature! Nought but eternal sweetness reigns in that fair soul! This stroke---this agreeable and almost unexpected tidings, has infused new life into all my hopes. I renewed the conversation to-day, and after a few other questions, she said,

Now, Sir Philip, I doubt you think there is no content in this sweet, this happy, this innocent spot—you have your native country in your head—and I am the cause of your uneasiness——

My kindest Emmera, I have experienced too much happiness in this retirement, ever to harbour the slightest dislike to it—nor does one wish to revisit our native country ever enter my heart, unless accompanied by you.

Oh! then, if I was to consent to visit your sister for a day or two, you would force me to go to England!

Force you, my dearest!—name not that cruel word. The idea is hateful to me—Never will I ask a thing of you, which I think will not be agreeable to you.

I think you have not deceived me in her character——

No, believe me, my Emmera!

If it would give you satisfaction—and render this place more agreeable to you on our return, I would consent to leave it for a short time.

Oh! my Emmera! Ten thousand blessings rest upon that angelic heart, which seeks nought but to oblige. It will give me infinite satisfaction, my dearest and make this retirement a thousand times more agreeable than ever. A million of the sincerest thanks flow with rapidity from my grateful soul. When, my Emmera? — when shall we set out.

Oh! be not in such a hurry—that impetuosity is what I dread. We must not be in such haste. Remember, if I agree to it, that you promise me ——

Any thing my dearest Emmera——

Not to ask me to stay with your sister longer than is agreeable to myself.

By Heavens! I will not.

And if I find it agreeable to me to make any stay with her, that you will not ask me to go to England.

Depend upon me, I will not.

Don't be surprized, Sir Philip, at my cautions—I know not how I shall like the society at your father's—it may be disagreeable to me; and though I agree to take

take the journey, yet I cannot answer that it will be agreeable to me.

You shall be the sole manager and directress, my angel. I consider your consenting to the visit as a great condescension, and every thing concerning it shall rest entirely in your own breast.

Remember your promise---I expect you should be on honour.

But, my dearest Emmera---when shall we go?

When you please. You shall manage that.

Well then to-morrow: we require scarce any preparation.

That is rather too soon; for we must make the signal to our old and faithful friends, the Indians, to give them notice of our leaving this place for a short time, that in case they should accidentally stand in need of our assistance, and come to us for it, they may not find us fled without knowing the reason.

True, my dearest---But I will make the signal to-morrow-morning---they will be with us before night, and then we may very well set off the next morning.

Well, as you please in that: But remember, Sir Philip, the cows and oxen are let out of the enclosures, that in case we stay rather longer than we think at present, they may have the whole valley to range over.

* * * *

What an amiable affection has this dearest of all women for the only place which she remembers---her little world, which contains all she knows, and all she wishes. A thousand slight horrors of a melancholy mind renders the leaving it pathetick to the last degree. We are ready to begin our march, and my Emmera is settling a few little matters, that she may leave her house in good order. Our old faithful friends attended our signal; and when I explained to them the reason, assuring them, that we did not design to be absent long, but that if accidentally we should, we hoped they would not discover our retreat to any one; adding that, we would not return without bringing fresh stores with us for their assistance on occasion; they, in the

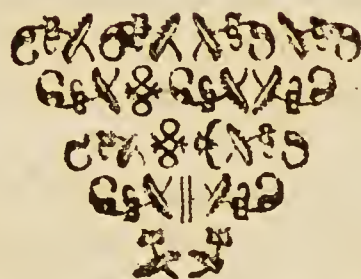
warm

warmest manner, assured us of their eternal observance of our directions, most heartily wishing that we might speedily return. Two of them staid to attend us in the journey.

We are now setting off.--Heaven preserve my Em-
mera in every clime, and in every situation which chance
can throw her in. I seal up this, and shall dispatch
it immediately; and design writing to you again from
my father's. Adieu.

Your's

P. CHETWIN.



LETTER XXVII.

Miss HERVEY to Miss CHETWYN.

AN unlucky affair, my dearest, has happened since I wrote to you last. My Mr. Sinclair has fought a duel with Colonel Forrester, and kill'd him in it, and of course has fled to France. He is at present at Paris. They fought at Salisbury. Mr. Sinclair came immediately post to London, call'd on me for a quarter of an hour, said he challeng'd Forrester for a villainous attempt on your brother's mistress, of which affair I knew nothing. He declared to me, with some confusion, that he loved me to distraction. I freely use his own expression; and begged ardently of me, in case he should be necessitated to stay long abroad, not to forget his passion: I was in such confusion the short time he was with me, that I know not what answers I returned.

I must own, my Lucy, that his bravery pleases me beyond measure: Nothing could be more honourable, or more in the style of truly generous friendship, than resenting in such a manner an indignity put upon his friend. Such a behaviour shews the spirit of a gentleman. I have no doubt but he will always conduct himself through life with honour and reputation.

This attempt which Forrester made against your brother's lady incog. must have happened directly before he came in that vile manner to you. Apropos, my dearest, what a confounded fellow! Thank Heaven he has been punished according to his deserts — Such a piece of deceit and revenge I think I never heard of: But it must be owned, your father treated him incomparably; and had you known his attempt on your brother's solitude, it would have given fresh poignancy to every toss, severe as they were. But all revenge in return is fully complete: he is dead; and peace be with his ashes.

Whe-

Whether Mr. Sinclair will be able by his friends in England to ward off a prosecution from Forrester's friends (nothing of which nature is come on yet) and then be able to procure a pardon, I know not; but most heartily wish he may, for his absence from England is very far from being indifferent to me. I must own, I admire the man extremely, and wish most heartily that I had never seen him, or the mutual good opinion between us might have come to some agreeable event. My father is excessively concerned at Sinclair's misfortune, and designs speaking to my Lord S—— about him; but doubts much of any success.

* * * *

Mrs. Edgerton called on me this morning in deep mourning:—her husband died in prison last week. She was more melancholy on the occasion than I expected in her, or thought her capable of; for a more airy, feather of a soul I never met with. During his illness, he sent most pressing to beg her presence for a few minutes before he died, and from her account of him I cannot wonder at her not being in spirits—it was enough to shock a monster. He was in most terrible apprehensions of another world—even to a madness of horror: Confess'd some shocking affairs to her, of which she had no conception: among others no less than two murders——Dark indeed! for a small estate in Dorsetshire. He died almost raving mad soon after she left him: and if she regains her former gaiety soon, I shall think she has no reflection in her.

We are going into Northamptonshire for about three weeks; I shall not send this to the post till we return.

* * * *

This letter of scraps, my dear Lucy, two months old, will afford you a wonderful dish of entertainment. But in the sweetness of your disposition I look for the oblivion of all my dulness. So dependant, I scribble away, and fear not the imputation of stupidity.

No tidings of my amiable Mr. Sinclair: Pray Heaven he may soon regain his native land, never to leave it more! I now feel myself deeply in love indeed ———

OWN

Own it I must—for it makes me miserable, and you, I know, will pity me. Would to Heaven I had never seen him—and yet—aye—it is as well—

* * * *

I called upon Mrs. Edgerton to-day, being melancholy myself, desiring to condole with her, and she with me on our sorrows—She was not at home: I flung myself into her sofa, and turning over a leaf or two of a novel which lay there, found the following billet, which I had the wicked curiosity to read, but am very glad I did.

“As soon as ever you see Miss Hervey, gain all the intelligence you can about Chetwyn and his girl: we are certainly right. If you do not act your part well, Huffy!—you deserve to be hang’d—Think of the reward! and be cunning—C. assures me, Hervey will be routed, horse and foot, the first week of the term, for then the suit comes on—Of all other things, take care of the prison’d dog—

C. G.”

Directed to Mrs. Edgerton.

I took a copy of it with a pencil directly, and saw by the date that it was only three days old. What the deuce it could mean, I could not conceive—so totally mysterious!—but something was plainly at the bottom, which I did not like. I had scarce copied and returned it to its place, when I heard Mrs. Edgerton’s rap, and in she came. I was amaz’d—she came in with a most jaunty air, followed by a gentleman richly dressed—herself in colours, and quite berigg’d with finery. I saw she was abash’d at the sight of me, but I took no notice of her change of apparel, nor her gentleman attendant, and appeared not to see her confusion. She recovered herself presently, and began to chat about indifferent matters.—I made but a very short visit, and returned home full of conjectures and surprize.

The note I had copied was an inexplicable ænigma. As to Mrs. Edgerton, I was convinced that all friendship with her was dangerous and absurd; I had no opi-

nion

nion of her, and great reason to think she was a most confounded hypocrite, and engaged in some plot of no good countenance. The conclusion of the note made me determine to shew it to my father: I knew he had a law-suit—an old affair, but it never, to my knowledge at least, gave him the least uneasiness. —

What the prison'd dog could mean, I could not guess.

I went to him with it, telling him where, and in what manner I found it—He read it, but said laughing, “ Meer stuff, Kitty—nonsense” — I would have argued the matter a little with him, but he made a great joke of it, and stopped me from saying any thing more about it—Whether it be stuff or not, I will have nothing more to say to Madam Edgerton, further than giving her an opportunity to question me about the subject of the note. I will not seal up this till after next week, for I have a mind to see what turn my father's law-suit will take, if there should be any trial.

* * * *

I asked my father to-day, Lucy, about the law-suit—He told me, it concerned his Berkshire estate: That he came to it in consequence of his brother's will who inherited it for want of heirs in the right line—that the man with whom he had the suit pretended a descent from such an heir, and claimed the estate accordingly: he added, that it was rather a litigious affair that was clear in his favour, his antagonist wanting to teize him into purchasing a general discharge, which, however, he would never do. — Pray Heaven my father may really be as secure as he thinks himself.

* * * *

The trial came on according to expectation, and a strange affair it has turned out. My father has lost his cause and estate most unexpectedly. Good God! Lucy! what an affair is this! Chang'd from nothing to a matter of such amazing consequence. But we are all ruined past redemption,—Grant us patience, Heaven!

I believe I shall be able to recollect myself enough now to give you some account of this strange and unhappy affair. My father's antagonist is the friend of a
former

former owner of the estate, for want of whose heirs my father possesses the estate. This man carried it on for a daughter of his friend, the reality of whose being was the disputed point — but he proved it sufficiently; and also that she was on her way home from America (whither her father carried her) for that he had discovered her, and sent repeatedly for her coming over. But what puts this matter out of doubt, was the arrival of the daughter, a young woman, in court, during the trial, who giving satisfactory answers to whatever was asked, as far as she could know any thing of the matter, and the identity of her person being proved by her attendants, and a remarkable ring, containing the picture of her mother set in diamonds, which was proved to have been in the possession of her father before he left England — In short, these and many other circumstances being legally proved, the decision, after a most remarkable trial, was given against my father, who is now left possessed of scarce an hundred a year, instead of twenty times as much. — How the loss is so excessive I do not yet understand. — However, the young woman, Elizabeth Hervey, my new cousin, with several of her friends, are actually gone down into Berkshire to take possession of her new inheritance. What a strange affair is this! Poverty and wretchedness will be our portions

Oh! Sinclair! Sinclair! — But, alas! —
No more.

Miss Hervey is in treaty I hear to sell her new-acquired estate — There are some strange doings among them, but I hear no particulars. Adieu, my der Lucy. This letter is swelled to length enough.

C. HERVEY.

LETTER XXVIII.

Sir Philip CHETWYN to Mr. SINCLAIR.

WE arrived at this place last week in perfect health and safety: Heaven be praised for my good fortune! And yet so accustomed have I been to a sequester'd life, that the change to the society of several persons is attended with no agreeable sensation. I felt an inexpressible surprize, mixed with pain, on seeing any other figure than my amiable maid. Our journey was terribly difficult and fatiguing, and would have been too much for any other woman. When we came amongst the settlements, and saw some corn-fields scattered, Emmera made me observe, that the crops were not near so fine as our own little ones ——— “And see” said she, “how full of weeds this wheat is—how can they keep it clean so thickly sown?”—She was sometimes quite hurt at seeing poor crops over-run with weeds. The people we met gave her no great idea of the species—she seemed disgusted at mankind. When we arrived, I asked for Miss Chetwyn, and was immediately shewn into her apartment. She was in astonishment at seeing us———“Good God! is it my brother that I see?”———

Even so, my Lucy---And I have brought a young lady with me, whose company I am sure will give you no small pleasure.

She saluted Emmera, and express'd great happiness at seeing her. There was but little awkwardness in her return: Nature and her own inimitable sweetness gave an elegance to what little she said, beyond all the varnish of politeness. My father was absent; I was glad of it; as I did not desire to introduce her to several at a time. I turned the conversation on Emmera's having been secluded from the world so long, and on the unwillingness with which she entered it; my sister spoke with good sense and moderation, wishing that

what

what little she now would see of the world, might give her no reason to repent the step she had taken.

Emmera was not very free; she took great notice of my sister, and seemed to observe her through.

I took an opportunity, when we were alone, to ask her how she liked Lucy. — “Very well,” she replied; “I think her a sensible, agreeable woman, but she has a thousand ideas of which I have no conception, and many expressions which I do not understand. I don’t wonder at it, for it would be strange if she was otherwise.” — “But are you so shocked at society, my dearest, as you expected?” — “No,” answered she; “but remember I have seen but little of it yet.” — We retired early to the apartments my sister had provided for us — after a supper, which gave Emmera a little disgust — The footman was bobbing behind us officiously attentive, which I saw she did not like — I wink’d on my sister, and she sent him away, after setting what we could want on the table. There was a fricassée of chickens, a pigeon-pye, and some other trifles, all of which my sister help’d her to — She tasted them; but I immediately saw she liked none of them — but at last made a hearty meal on bread and butter, with a draught of water, after tasting beer, at which she made a wry face. She drank one glass of wine, which she said was bad; and retired to her chamber, with no very favourable idea of cookery in the world.

Emmera and myself were up in the morning as soon as Mr. Jones’s servants: we took a walk into his plantation, or (more properly speaking) farm, and she was highly entertained with viewing several of the husbandry implements, and the cultivation they bestowed on the earth. She observed, with great pleasure, that none of the fields were so well cultivated as her own, nor produced such abundant crops. — This was matter of great triumph to her, and she failed not to take advantage of it.

My sister had breakfast earlier than usual: Emmera relish’d the tea, and liked the meal in general very well.

When it was over, I desired Lucy to play a lesson on her harpsichord, slow, moving, melancholy music, and as she had a German flute I accompanied her. The amiable maid presently shewed in her eyes the pleasure the music gave her. She greedily listened to every note and when we had done she was in raptures——

Well, Emmera——are not these sounds agreeable?

Oh! most divinely so! This is very amazing——What a most ingenious contrivance is this! (*striking the keys*) I have no conception of the mechanism of this instrument.

Don't you think, Emmera, that this is as agreeable as birds music?

I must confess, it entertains me vastly more. Shall you not be tired if you play another tune?

Not in the least

We play'd her another concerto in the solemn style, and then several more, which gave her prodigious pleasure. We once chang'd into quick notes of difficult execution, but they gave her visible pain——she seem'd delighted to dwell on the slow, melodious movements, which yield a soft melancholy to the soul. Such was the pleasure she received from the music, that I believe she could have heard us a week. But I did not care to let the pleasure she took in it be too far gratified——as any thing in society that gave her pleasure was a material point to me. This of music was the most important of all, for even that day I thought I saw a little of something like lassitude in her, for want of her usual employments. I did not wonder at it, for the change of life was so entire, that it must, in some measure, affect, I should apprehend, the constitution even of her body.

It gave me great satisfaction to find, that my sister made some progress in her good opinion: I often conversed with her about her new ideas, and found with pleasure that she considered Lucy's acquaintance as an addition to her happiness.

Whatever I observed she disliked of manners and customs in our small society, I determin'd to make use of

of as an argument to persuade her to take a voyage to England, where we might reside some time alone on my estate — and if she refused it, I designed to urge her strongly to an immediate marriage — hoping between the two expectations to gain something to my wishes at least. I broke the petition to her the first opportunity when I thought I observed a little melancholy in her —

My dearest Emmera, tell me how you like the life we lead here at present.

Not at all, Sir Philip — I was thinking of a return to our little cheerful retirement, which appears a thousand times more agreeable than ever. I like your sister extremely, and must own I should regret her loss — but as to every thing else which your boasted state of society —

Don't be too severe, my Emmera — nor judge of what I call a state of society, from what you see here. This life is as disagreeable to me as it is to you — and was it not for Lucy's company, I could not exist here a moment. We move here to the customs and hours of other people: we have no employment — no amusement but music — all is melancholy — But, my dear Emmera, that would not be the case, if we were settled by ourselves on a pretty little farm, to cultivate as we did in our retirement, with no more company than was agreeable — my sister now and then, for instance, with a little concert of music; and if we liked to look on the busy world a little to laugh at it, we might, in the midst of all, be snug and retired.

You draw an agreeable picture, I must confess.

It is what may be realized at once, my Emmera; if you will agree to take a voyage to England, and settle on my estate — to try only how you like it. —

Oh! Sir Philip — think of your promise — A voyage to England!

Why, my Emmera, it would be but a slight affair — a favourable gale would presently waft us thither; and if you did not like it when you had tried it a little, why we would return for our life to our hermitage.

I cannot consent to this, Sir Philip, but must prefer my petition in return; that you will perform your promise, and return to our farm — If you like not the life — only send me back, and you, you know, can enter the world at your pleasure.

Why such cruel words! Emmera. You know I will live and die with you — I can exist nowhere else. I will return with you. I perform my promise: But, my Emmera, with no trisling, but the greatest seriousness, must I beg of you to consent first to be mine for ever —

That is ungenerous, Sir Philip — Do not urge me at present.

My dearest fair one (*taking her tenderly by the hand*) you know not with what excess of affection I adore you — I have long lived your only companion — surely you know me enough. I pretend not to be worthy of you; that is impossible; but have I not some right to wish at least — to expect you should pity my feelings! Oh! Emmera! this is my only opportunity. Consent, my dearest, to make me happy. — —

Urge me not at present. I cannot hasten into any thing so important, without some consideration. I must reflect on — — —

My dearest, you have had time enough to reflect — Here we lead a life disagreeable to us both — you will not try England — I am going to accompany you to your retirement — and there, you know, we cannot — Consider, my Emmera — consent to it now — — —

I cannot — Do — pray give me time to think a little — You know how good an opinion I have of you — — —

Yield to my wishes, my Emmera — now — — —

I cannot think of engaging for life in such a connection without some consideration. If you will faithfully promise me to return, if it is disagreeable to me, I will go with you to England — — —

Faithfully I this moment give you the promise — but, Emmera, this must not be a meer evasion from making me the happiest of mankind — — —

It shall not — I shall then have time to consider.

I again urged her to both, but in vain——she kept to her promise to go with me to England, but would have time to consider well before she agreed to our marriage: I saw clearly her fear of my being a different character in the world to what she had known me in retirement. I have persuaded my sister to accompany us, if my father will consent, who comes home in a day or two——This point gained gives me great pleasure; it is more than I expected.

* * * *

My father is come home, and expressed great satisfaction at seeing me——he gave me hearty and sincere joy at my finding so amiable and beautiful a young lady so accidentally——consented at once to Lucy's going with us, and we accordingly set off next Tuesday.

* * * *

Philadelphia,

We are arrived here: The journey took us more time than can be supposed, for Emma and myself got into the coach but little; the motion disagrees with her——Lucy could not travel like us, we were therefore forced to send over for one. I sent before to procure as private lodgings as possible, till a ship sets sail that can accommodate us conveniently. Emma has seen but little of the town, but expresses great dislike at the idea in general, and takes no pleasure in a sight so perfectly novel.

She continues intolerable spirits, and wishes to arrive at *our little farm*.

I am at present in haste, and shall therefore conclude myself, &c.

P. CHETWYN.

LETTER XXIX.

SIR PHILIP CHETWIN [in Continuation.]

Chetwyn Manor

IN the first place, my dear Sinclair, let me express the ardent wishes I have, that your affair may be as speedily compromised as you have reason to think it will: I am extremely glad to hear that your pardon is in a fair way of reaching you quickly. This was most grateful news to me, I assure you.

We landed in England last week, after an agreeable, speedy voyage, and instantly set out for this place, without a soul's knowing it. There was nobody in the house but my old steward and his wife, who were very warm, and, I believe, very sincere in their expressions of joy at seeing me; but had no beds, nor other accommodations ready for us. I ordered that no mortal, more than absolutely necessary, should know of our arrival. The first night we lay in our cabin-beds, but had bedding, &c. well aired the next day.

I laid down a plan of life before I arrived, which I determined to follow, and deviate from it as little as possible; for the most important object of my life is Emmera's not being disgusted with her residence in England—I therefore resolved to render the place as similar to that we had left, as the nicest management could effect.

My house is a tolerable good one, situated near the center of my estate, the adjoining fields very woody; and not wanting in the beauties of landscape. The garden luckily was very large; and what I did not dislike, the hedges in and about it grown quite wild and woody: I turned it immediately into the chief part of our new farm; three other small fields which lay contiguous made up the remainder. By throwing down hedges—altering doors, gates, windows, &c. I presently connected it with a small barn and a stable—and making a new door into the parlour, had an immediate com-

communication with an apartment of the house almost detached from the rest of it.

Of this new dominion we took immediate possession; excluding all servants from attending us, and having scarce any communication with the world. We laboured extremely hard to bring our new arable land into good order. I plough'd it thoroughly, to prepare it for seed wheat, and my dearest Emmera, with more chearfulness than I expected, assisted me as she had used to do at the American farm. Thank Heaven she began her labours without any disgust: *This* novelty was not displeasing to her; and she was enterain'd with several garden-herbs I introduc'd, which we had not in our old farm.--The culture we bestow'd on them caught her attention, to the advantage of the place Lucy pr'took in our labours a little, and not without laughing at us both--however, Emmera was greatly pleas'd with her company and her harpsichord was a great addition to our amusements. Some few books also I add'd to our old collection, which open'd a new world to my Emmera's ideas. Thus we enter'd on our new life, and I had no reason to fear that my amiable fair one would repent the change she had made.

My arrival could not be kept so secret, but the neighbourhood presently knew of it. Some old acquaintance call'd to see me, but were all denied. Yesterday Mr. Stephenson and his wife, with their country bluntness, would come in--their damn'd curiosity, I suppose, at the bottom--Emmera and myself were at our labour in the farm--"Heighday!" cried the fool, "Why what the devil does this mean! what! turned labourer--Come, come, my American lad and lass--in with us--let us hear a little--Come--what news from the savages?"--Emmera flared at him with no pleasure, I saw by her looks.--"Savages!" replied I--"I am glad to hear then that I am come amongst a polite people--The assertion was wanting, methinks--for, from the specimen you exhibit, it was very doubtful, I assure you."

Nay, Sir Philip, ben't affronted.

Sir,

82 THE FAIR AMERICAN.

Sir, I want neither your company nor conversation. This hint was rather too broad for him to mistake it -- they turned their backs immediately and left us.

Dear Sir Philip, said Emmera, how could you behave so roughly to that gentleman and lady!

My dearest Emmera, because they had the impertinence to break into our retirement in such a manner.

I was then unluckily caught, for she had discovered that I had ordered myself to be denied to every one. This gave her uncommon uneasiness.

You must allow me to assert, Sir Philip, that this conduct surprizes me. What can be your inducement for living, as I may call it, in a constant lie?

My dearest Emmera, to live to your inclination is the only wish of my heart. I know you love retirement-- and it is equally agreeable to me. Why, therefore, should we live exposed to every impertinent visitor, that intrudes on us merely for his own curiosity?

This is very amazing--If any of your neighbours think proper to take the trouble of visiting us--it can be only through their own kindness and benevolence--as they have no interest in it--Is that impertinence! Or is it consistent with common humanity to lock your doors on such people! and to refuse their friendly visit with the guilt of an untruth!--Oh! Sir Philip! how different from the house where no door--

Cease, my Emmera, to let any thing of this nature give you a moment's uneasiness--It shall be changed immediately, if you request it--but, then, my dearest, remember and be not disgusted at people of your own admitting.

If this management is owing to me--any thing will be more agreeable than a conduct so void of generosity.

I would have warded off the blow if possible--but in vain--an order is therefore given to admit every body--I dread the consequence; but so it must be. Adieu, Sinclair. You shall hear from me again speedily.

P. CHETWIN.

LETTER XXX.

Miss HERVEY to Miss CHETWYN.

THANK Heaven, my dearest, you are landed--- I received your kind note, and shall obey your call, but strange affairs at present prevent my coming. I designed you a long letter, but have time to write only a few lines.

The woman that, under the proof and pretence of being Elizabeth Hervey, gained my father's estate, is an impostor. I think I told you in my last to America, she was gone down into Berkshire, and had offered it to sale—with some other odd transactions. She would have taken half its value, if the price was paid her immediately—but her eagerness to sell gave such suspicions that nobody ventured to purchase it. But, I hear she got five hundred pounds on it by a mortgage. No sooner was the arrival of Sir Philip Chetwyn known, than she, with all her crew and her five hundred pounds, fled to France. So strange a turn astonished my father—and made him reflect on the whole affair with redoubled attention. He again read the note I had met with so accidentally at Mrs. Edgerton's. He considered the postscript about the *prisoned dog*; he asked what I knew of her history: I told him. "This Mrs. Edgerton, said he, is certainly the impostor—and the tale of her husband being dead a mere falsity—But I will know the truth." —

He accordingly went to the Fleet (I think that was the prison) and made an enquiry after Mr. Edgerton; he was answered, that he died some time ago. My father would not be satisfied with the answer—he threatened the keeper—all in vain—at last he gained the truth by bribery—and was conducted to him. A more miserable object he never beheld: he believes had he come a day later, he really would have been dead. He laid open the affair and conjured Edgerton to discover whatever he knew of it. The almost dying man broke
into

into a most outrageous cursing of his wife — said she was a damned impostor, and had deceived him into enabling her to compleat her villainy, on a profusion of promises she had made him. That he laid open to her every circumstance of the law-suit relationship; the knowledge of which he had gained from his friend Forrester, who plotted the same destruction, but did not live to execute it — that he got the fatal ring from Chetwyn's girl when he attempted to carry her off — that he had consigned it to his care, and he, like a fool, had given it up to his wife — He added, that if he lived, and his evidence could be of any use in exposing the villainy of his wife, and punishing her for perjury, he would freely give the whole.

My father returned very well satisfied with his information, and it soon appeared true enough. Mrs. Edgerton was no where to be found — and he had soon after intelligence from Bologae, that she was landed there. He has since had several conferences with his lawyers, and they are all of opinion, that if your brother's American lady can produce a few papers, the titles of which I inclose by my father's desire, her being the real Elizabeth Hervey will be proved sufficiently, for the strength of all the impostor's evidence is on her side, as Mrs. Edgerton gained the suit merely by pretending to be what she really is.

Thus, my dear Lucy, the estate in question is clearly the property of your brother's Incognita; for none of our lawyers assert the contrary, even if she has not those papers — but only that they will prove it beyond contradiction. My father bid me inform you, that he has no resignation to make, for the young lady has nothing to do but to take possession; and that he is very glad it becomes the property of the true owner instead of an impostor.

Mr. Sinclair arrived in London last Tuesday. Generous man! Notwithstanding the loss of fortune — he has demanded my father's consent for an immediate marriage, and in my next I may be able to name

the day. The idea of his affection supports me:
Would to Heaven it could my dear father!

Adieu, my Lucy; I remain, &c.

C. HERVEY.



LETTER XXXI.

Sir Philip CHETWYN to Mr. SINCLAIR.

YOU certainly know, my dear friend, the state of the extraordinary affair, of which Miss Hervey wrote my sister an account. She disclosed it to my dear Emma, making known to her her birth, and that she was the possessor of her family estate, and named the papers, of which Miss Hervey inclosed in a list. Emma said she had those identical papers among some others of her father's, but that none of them gave her any insight into the name of her family. Lucy then informed her, that her right was clear and indisputable. Her answer was as follows:

That this affair should ever happen, gives me more pain than I can express for I have no desire that any one should have obligations to me—but as to taking an estate, which has been so many years in the possession of another worthy family, who will be reduced almost to want without it—an estate, which has occasioned the practice of so much villainy—which may involve me, and all that may inherit it after me, in the wretchedness which my father escaped when he lost it: No; I will have the possession of no such estate—no addition to my present poverty shall cause one moment's uneasiness to any person—What may be the value of this estate?

Near forty thousand pounds.

Well; all I shall take of the forty is four thousand pounds, which I will get you, Sir Philip, to expend in some necessaries of life, and transmit them to our old neighbours the Indians, to divide among themselves. Gratitude obliges me, on such an occasion, not to forget them.

Heavens! my dear Emma (by that name I shall ever call you) what generosity of soul is this!

I am sorry you think it so, Sir Philip—Nature, I am sure, would never give that title to refusing to make ones-

ones-self richer at the expence of another's happiness. (*And turning to Lucy*) Be so good Madam, as to inform your friend, my new-discovered cousin, that the moment her father can forward any writing, which will give up all title to the estate, excepting the sum I mentioned, I shall immediately sign it.

And now, my dear Sinclair, believe me when, with all sincerity, I assure you, that this generosity of the dear angel gives me no small pleasure; I rejoice that you will now marry a woman with all the fortune you expected——Was I certain that this extraordinary woman would be my wife, and of course that she was generous at my future expence, it would give me equal satisfaction; for before Heaven, I had rather have the infinite happiness of seeing such a blaze of excellency in the soul of her I love, than twenty estates——Mine already is a very noble one for my rank in life——more than sufficient for all my family——and I am sure, if I marry Emmera, I shall have no expensive wife. Believe me, Sinclair, that this unusual piece of generosity gives nothing but pleasure to any one here——Assure the Herveys of the same, and tell Mr. Hervey to send a resignation immediately. This is Emmera's desire, she will not be easy until it is signed.

Oh! my friend, did you but know with what raptures I contemplate this angelic soul! —— She is more than human.

* * * *

Tuesday.

I am not at all pleased with the event of admitting all visitors. In consequence of it, we have had several; some among them of the stupid, hum-drum order, who gave no offence to my Emmera; but among the rest, Sir George Airy and his lady, sister and cousin——Lady Betty Bannister, Mr. and Mrs. Complin, made one afternoon's party, coming suddenly on us while I was in a fustian frock, digging in the farm, and my dear Emmera quite in a dishabille, hoeing a bed of carrots. As soon as we were informed that some company was come to see us, we left our business to attend them——

and such is the force of a rational, unprejudiced mind, that my fair labourer, with all the dignity of mild benevolence, walk'd into the presence of a set of well-dress'd visitors, without one thought about the comparative meanness of her apparel. What false shame is the inheritance of fashionable politeness!

Emmerra, with great sweetness of manner, answered what questions were asked her about America; but Sir George, complimenting her in a slighty manner on her leaving such a wilderness of savages, the word gave her a disgust——

I don't understand that expression, Sir: Pray what do you mean by savages?

Mean, Madam! 'Tou honour, I mean the very reverse of what they ought to be, that were illumin'd by such beauty as your's—You know what I mean—— you can tell, Madam.

I suppose you mean the Indians, Sir—— But so far are they, in my opinion, from being savages, that I assure you, Sir, they are neither vain of their dress—nor conceited of their impertinence—— nor had I ever a compliment paid me by one of them at the expence of common sense and sincerity.

The dear creature gave him a look a little scornful with this smart reply, and from that time the company were a little cautious of being free with her. A variety of flippant conversation about stuff and trumpery pass'd the time away during tea: Emmerra, I could see, thought it very trifling. As soon as tea was over, Lady Betty began to talk of Quadrille, saying, “Now, Sir George, I will give you your revenge.” I call'd for cards, and to it they went. A run of ill luck made Mrs. Complin intolerably ill natured. “Well! this is monstrous!—not one ask—Miss Airy, you are a shocking neighbour—always ask—There is no bearing this.”—— And then losing a vole, she began to quarrel with her partner, and fought over the whole game again—— Disputes arose, and the whole room presently was an infernal region, in which Spadil, like the devil with the trident of hell, hurl'd ruin and destruction by

by turns to three fourths of the company: As they grew warm with cards, their eagerness and quarrels encreased, till all engaged appeared like Bedlamites. Emmera slipped out of the room, and I followed her immediately——

Good Lord! Sir Philip, what is the matter with them?—I can't perceive that you occasioned their quarrel; but for Heaven's sake appease them.

My dearest Emmera, (*replied I, smiling*) you know not half the absurdities of the world—They are not quarrelling, but at an amusement—they are diverting themselves.

Diverting themselves!——That is very strange—for I heard one lady say, with tears in her eyes, that she had lost all her money.

Why, my dear Emmera, did you never hear your father nor myself say any thing about gaming in the world?

But very slightly. Is this gaming?

Yes, my dearest—but they game but little; that is, they play for very little money.

And is this any amusement to you, Sir Philip?

Far from it, my dearest——it disgusts me greatly. But Emmera, why would you not allow me to refuse them admittance?

There is a falsity and deceit in such a conduct, that I cannot bear it. But what a sad alternative it is to act so, or have such companies of mad creatures as these are! Oh! Sir Philip, there was nothing of this in America.

When the Party left us, Lady Betty asked our company for the Friday following—I would have avoided the visit, in a general assuance of waiting on her, but she was explicit, and asked Emmera if she would not favour her with her company. To which the dear creature answered in the affirmative: I afterwards cautioned her against engaging herself, but she said, if they were good natured enough to ask her, it certainly was meant a kindness, and therefore she had no idea of refusing it. We accordingly went on the day appointed,

Lucy in the coach, and Emmera and myself on foot, as it was only three miles. In our way we came up with a waggon stuck fast in the road, and the driver whipping his horses most cruelly, to make them do what was beyond their strength. Emmera's humane heart was touch'd at the sight exceedingly—the tears ran down her cheeks, and she lifted up her hands at the barbarity of the fellow. I call'd to him, with a tone of authority, to cease at his peril—but he gave me a curse and whipp'd away harder than before: Had not Emmera been with me I should have made mince-meat of the bruiser, but she withheld me. I never knew any body more affected than she was at the sight—almost fainting; nor did she recover herself that day.——

The visit was nearly a repetition of the same absurdities as the former one to ourselves: Cards filled up the general vacancy of the time—the same bickerings, uneasiness and discontent attended the card-table as ever. Mr. Morley, who seemed by his conversation to be a sportsman, took occasion to congratulate Mr. Bannister (Lady Betty's husband) on *laying one Deek by the heels*, who, it seems, was a poacher, and had been caught taking a hare——The two sportsmen talked over the affair with great glee, and triumphed much in *the manner of securing the dog*. Emmera, who was surprized to hear that a man was punished only for killing a hare, was a little inquisitive in her questions to the gentlemen: and she discovered, that instead of inflicting the common punishment the law decreed, they had ruined the fellow by attacking him at law for the offence, loading him with such law expenses, that he must lie in prison all his life: She also learnt, that the poor fellow left a wife and three helpless children to charity for their maintenance. She gave no reply to their expressions of satisfaction; but the moment we were alone——“Just Heaven!” said she “what a vile affair is that of the poor man imprisoned for killing a hare! Oh! Sir Philip, my blood was cold to think of the intolerable wickedness in the world, and amongst people that think themselves refined in their understandings and polished

lished in their ideas! These are the people that call the Americans savages! Virtuous and amiable people! I have quitted the neighbourhood of men to become the companion of brutes!—What do you design to do, Sir Philip?

To discharge that poor man from prison, by paying his persecutors demands.

I am glad you thought of it.

But think, Sir Philip, if I have already met with such an instance, what thousands of harmless people must be in misery all around us, so wretchedly unprotected by your boasted laws! You may deliver this man, but think of this cursed law——we live almost in the very den of tyranny. Sir Philip, the world is odious to me, nor shall I have one moment's serenity of mind, till you speed me hence to a clime of peace and liberty. I will return to my old retirement——I——

Cease, my angelic Emmera, nor cast reproaches on me for bringing you where you alone would come: Why would you not be content to live with me on our farm, and suffer none of the inhabitants of this vile world to interrupt us with their impertinencies! Consent, my dearest, to live as I proposed.

Can any thing be so absurd! If we seclude ourselves from the world, why not as well in America as in England. Why not remove from all this confusion of folly and misery, where we are liable to have it break in upon us every moment, to a sweet retirement, where nothing reigns but innocence and perpetual harmony! We cannot stir out here, but our eyes, ears, and every sense is caught with objects of wretchedness:—There we meet with nothing of that sort—nothing that can offend the serene mind. Indeed, Sir Philip, it would be the highest folly to remain here.

I made use of every argument I could think of to persuade her to change her mind, but all in vain: She begged of me, with tears in her eyes, to think no more about her, to send her to her dear home, and leave her to her fate. My heart bled at every word she uttered. I swore never to forsake her, and in she persisted in her

resolution, to attend her forthwith. What will be the event, I know not: but she appears determin'd.

* * * *

Emmera is resolved to go. We went to our market town the other day at her desire, to buy some kitchen utensils, and some implements in the farming way, which she recollected we should want at our American farm: As the devil would have it, a deserter was whipping most severely on the market hill, as we walked over it, with a crowd of people viewing the punishment with great satisfaction. "Heavens!" cried Emmera, "what can this mean! What cruelty is this!" I explained to her his crime, and the necessity of punishing it severely — "Good God!" answered she, "so this poor creature is whipt to death for leaving one employment to follow another: He makes a change for the better, and is lashed to death for it — and these people! Where is their feeling! Think of viewing such a sight without horror — Heavens, Sir Philip, let us leave this detestable country with all speed."

Nothing could happen at a more unlucky time: it clench'd her resolution. She was now fixed as fate. I saw her so strongly determin'd, that I was convinced it would be in vain to oppose her: I therefore resolved to entreat her without delay, and before we embarked, to be mine for ever — I spoke to her as follows:

Emmera, I consent. I will attend you to America; and have no doubt of spending the remainder of my life in perfect ease and happiness with you, provided you consent to make me first supremely happy. You must now allow the reasonableness of my request — You cannot — must not refuse me! —

Sir Philip, if your resolution is really fixed, and founded on your inclination, it gives me great pleasure: On my part, I shall not practise any of the arts I have heard you condemn my sex in the world for — I shall be in no disguise — If you really are determined in your purpose, and will give the assurance of a man of honour never to oblige me to come again into society, I consent to be your wife. You know my poverty — but I
will

will endeavour to make up in friendship and affection what I want in money.

Jesu Maria! what a speech was this!—My answer—no answer would my overflowing soul admit—other than silence. I clasp'd her in my arms, and burst into tears of love and gratitude—and was some minutes lost in a delirium of joy.—Every thing is fixed, to-morrow she will be mine.

* * * *

Give me joy, my friend! I am a happy man indeed! Emmera, the beauteous Emmera is mine! The lucky die is cast in my favour, and I am fixed in more than human happiness. What a woman! Oh! Sinclair! The swift-wing'd lightening of fancy's eye ne'er glanc'd on such another! All fortune's quiver emptied on me alone! 'Tis more than I could expect.

* * * *

I have settled every thing, and expect to embark in a day or two: Lucy accompanies us. I have freighted two ships with, I think, every possible convenience we can want in the farming life, and a variety of common necessaries, with noble presents of my wife's for the Indians. I inclose my dear Emmera's resignation properly signed and witnessed to you—please to convey it to Mr. Hervey. Emmera would have answered his letter of thanks, but there is so much said in it of gratitude, &c. that she can command no words that will sufficiently figure after his expressions, which convey so many more thanks than any thing she has done deserves. I also send you a letter of attorney to receive my rents, and place them for my use in the publick funds. This is a trouble you must allow me to give you—Sinclair, I wish in Heaven you would one day or other with your wife, take a voyage to America—Do but come and see what a picture of happiness our retirement will present to you:—This must be—but more of it another time.

Adieu. Yours,
P. CHETWIN.

F I N I S.

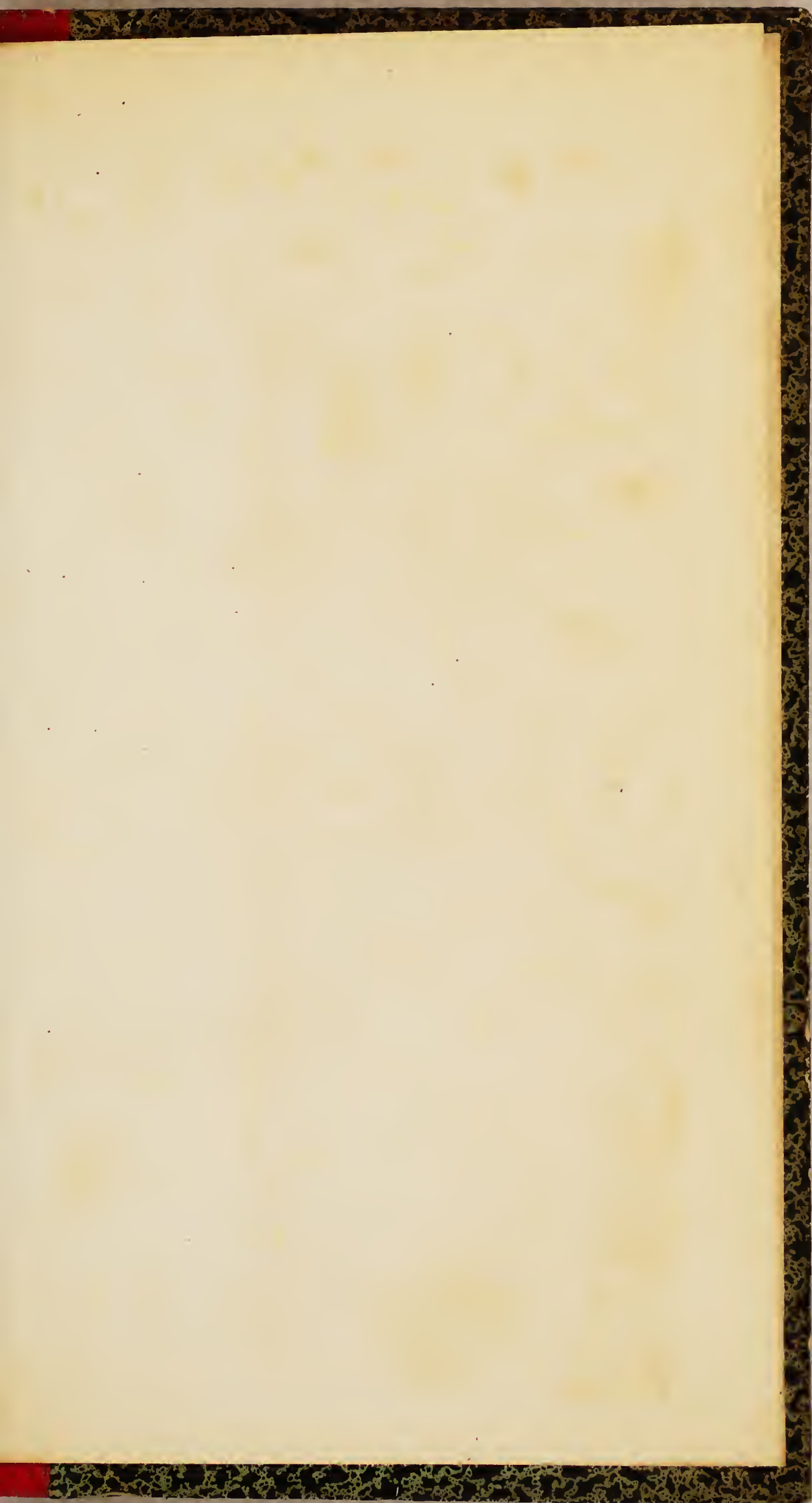
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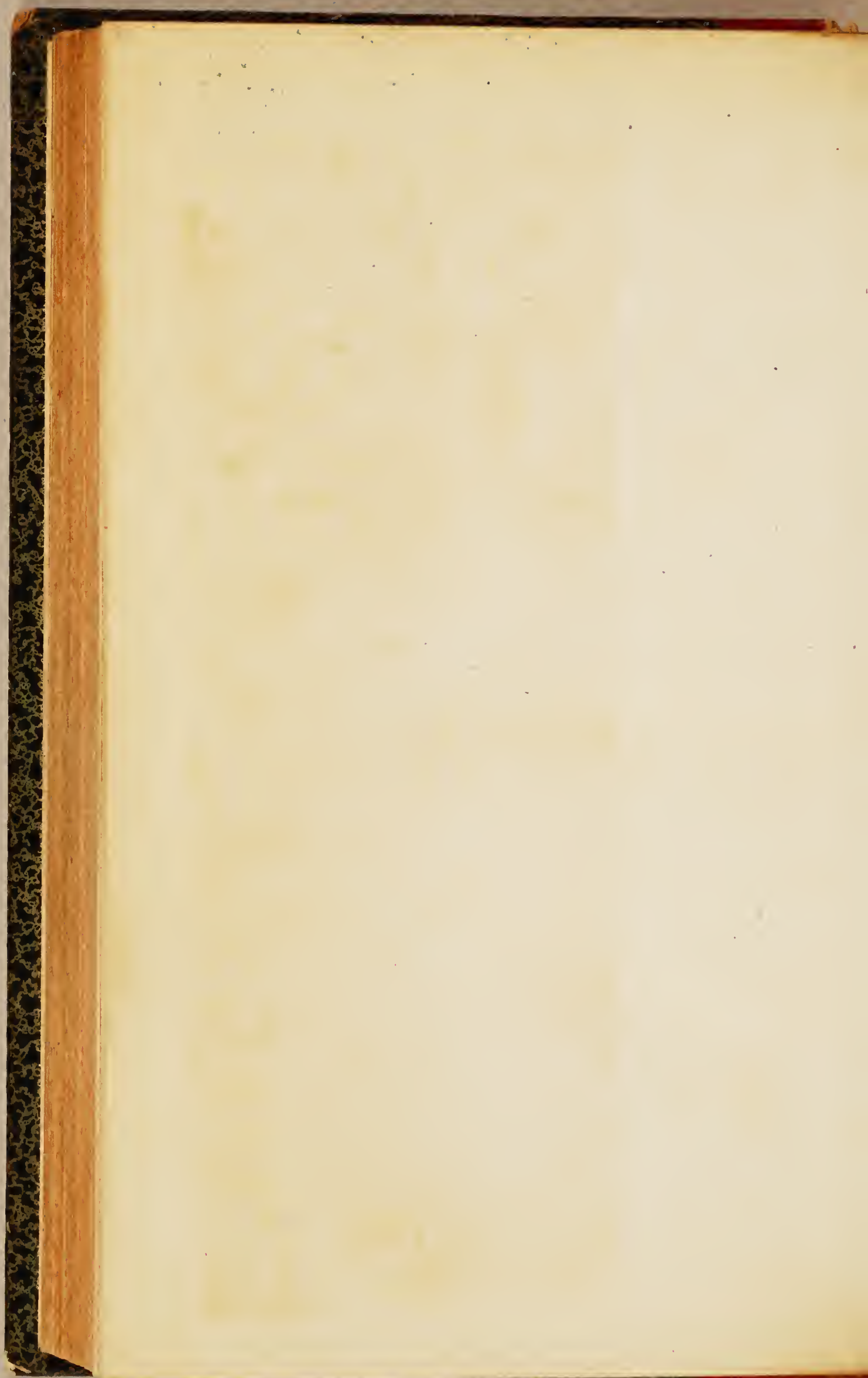
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